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15 AUGUST, 1896

The Outlook

A Family Paper

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The Highway

By William Colburne Husted

*The Mind a highway is. A constant throng
Of travelers we call thoughts pursue their way,
In varying procession, day by day,
Weaving the moods that unto each belong.
Some march to music resolute and strong,
Enkindled by the coming of the fray,
While others follow, wrapped in sober gray,
Like weary pilgrims, chanting a low song.
Some wear the prophet robes, and utter bright
And joyous message as they hasten past,
Interpreting life's dim and sacred need;
While, stealing through the cover of the night,
A horde of evil fancies gather fast,
Like leagued assassins plotting some foul deed.*

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The Outlook

A Family Paper

Volume 54

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Number 7



SEVERAL interesting political conventions were held last week. The Democratic Convention in Maine, which was reconvened because the anti-silver candidate for Governor had declined the nomination in view of the Chicago platform, took the expected action of accepting the new financial creed of the party and nominating a candidate loyal to it. Not only did the Convention change its creed, but, according to all reports, changed it amid great enthusiasm. There was a bolt of delegates who would not support the party upon a free-silver platform, but there were only thirty-odd bolters out of over three hundred delegates. In Michigan the Republican Convention witnessed a victory for Mayor Pingree. Although a silver man and a strenuous advocate of reduced charges on all railroads, the Detroit Mayor obtained the nomination for Governor against the uncompromising opposition of nearly all the old party leaders throughout the State. A few months ago it seemed more likely that Mayor Pingree would be nominated by the Democrats and silver Republicans than by the regular Republican party. His nomination is a further sign of the strength of the anti-monopoly movement in the Middle West. In Georgia the Populist Convention was of National significance because of the attitude taken by Mr. Watson, the People's party candidate for Vice-President. It had been predicted that Mr. Watson would declare in favor of a straight Populist ticket. The position he did take was exactly the reverse. He urged that the division of the silver forces in the present National campaign would be the ruin of their cause. For the State campaign the Georgia Populists, under Mr. Watson's leadership, nominated an eloquent young Prohibitionist not hitherto identified with the Populist party. The State campaign will be conducted largely upon the issue of the suppression of the bar-rooms. In several other States Populist Conventions were held, with the general result of an agreement to unite with the Democrats upon a common electoral ticket. The only States where complete fusion does not seem probable are in States where fusion is not essential to Mr. Bryan's success. As we go to press Mr. Bryan is on his way East to receive the official notification of his nomination at the Madison Square Garden in New York City on Wednesday evening. On his journey he has made many informal talks to the people who have thronged to see him.

The conference of gold-standard Democrats at Indianapolis last week issued a call for a nominating convention to be held in the same city on September 2. At the conference thirty-three States were represented. The sentiment against a second Democratic ticket in the field was almost entirely confined to the Eastern delegates. The delegates from the Middle West pointed out that party feeling was much higher in their section than in the East,

and declared that tens of thousands of gold Democrats would vote for Bryan if there was no other Democrat for them to support. It was impossible, they said, to ask these Democrats to vote for McKinley when they had been fighting McKinleyism with so much earnestness for so many years. These Western delegates admitted that the situation was different in the East, where so many Democrats are protectionists, and where there is comparatively little party feeling. It was agreed that another set of electors should not be nominated in States where the anti-silver Democratic organization believed it would withdraw more votes from McKinley than from Bryan. There was a good deal of talk about possible candidates, and the prevalent sentiment seemed to favor General Bragg, of Wisconsin, for President, and General Buckner, of Kentucky, for Vice-President.

During the intense heat of last week, when life seemed barely tolerable in the coolest places about New York City, it was gratifying to learn from the report of the Board of Health that the death-rate among the children of the poor had never been so low as this summer. The table showing the mortality during the past five years ran as follows:

Year.	Total Deaths.		Diarrhoeal Diseases.	
	Deaths.	Rate.	Deaths.	Rate.
1892	5,463	38.37	1,635	11.49
1893	4,704	32.09	1,383	9.44
1894	4,531	30.05	1,197	7.94
1895	4,481	28.61	1,178	7.52
1896	4,238	26.29	973	6.04

The deaths from diarrhoeal diseases are of course almost exclusively the deaths of little children. The great change for the better that has taken place is sensibly attributed by the Board of Health to the greater cleanliness of the streets and the better quality of the milk sold in the tenement-house districts. For the greater cleanliness of the streets a part of the credit is justly given to the substitution of asphalt pavements for cobblestones. Until five years ago the improved pavements for the residence districts all went to the well-to-do sections of the city. About 1890 a protest was made on behalf of the tenement-house regions that they should receive of the improved pavements a share proportioned at least to the taxes paid upon the real estate within their borders. Since that time street after street on the East Side has been covered with asphalt, and the one playground for the children and the one breathing-place for adults and children has more easily been kept clean. Since Colonel Waring took charge of the Street-Cleaning Department the change for the better, as we have already noted, has been phenomenal, and to him belongs the chief credit for the great reduction in the death-rate. What the Health Department has done to prevent the sale of unwholesome milk and what philanthropy has done to introduce the use of sterilized milk have also counted heavily in the right direction. It is said that statistics never move people, and that the Nation can be more touched by the

tragic death of one person through a visible blow than by the death of thousands through unseen causes. But these statistics certainly make visible the saving of a great many lives, and a return to old conditions and old death-rates is impossible without a public sense of public guilt.



Under the direction of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor for the State of New York a free employment bureau has been opened at 331 East Fourteenth Street, in this city. We give the exact address of this bureau because it seems to us that the State has here undertaken a work which ought not to be left in the hands of the costly private agencies, and that employers everywhere ought to join in making the work of this bureau a success. For such work as this a central agency is far better than a large number of smaller agencies, because every employer can be put in communication with a larger number of men seeking work, and every employee can be put in communication with a larger number of employers seeking workmen. The abuses connected with many of the private employment agencies are widely known. At some of them the applicants for work are simply swindled out of their money and deluded from week to week with the hope that they can get employment, when the managers of the agency know that it is beyond their power to furnish it. The New York law is in a measure in imitation of that of Ohio, the successful workings of which have already been reported in these columns. In an industrial State like New York, where the cities are larger and employers and those seeking employment less likely to know each other, the need of such a bureau is greater, and its success will be greater if the experiment is supported in the right spirit.



The strike of the tailors in New York City and Brooklyn continues; this last week it has been increased by the strike of the members of the Vestmakers' Union. Some of the contractors have absolutely refused to confer with the leaders of organized labor. Others have signed agreements, and still other contractors have resumed work with the non-union men. There have been few disturbances this week. The leaders in this strike are showing wisdom over former leaders in that they are advising peace methods, and are endeavoring, with quite a little success, to consolidate the different branches of the clothing trade. The Brotherhood of Tailors has for years hoped to deal directly with the manufacturers through a co-operative shop. This dream has now materialized. A shop was opened last week, and the first attempt of united labor to deal directly with the manufacturer has been made. It is an experiment, but one worthy of success. Should it succeed, it will create a revolution in the clothing trade of New York. Past history would seem to indicate that the difficulty between the workingmen, the contractors, and the manufacturers in the clothing trade is one of evolution, not revolution. Low wages compel the workers in this trade to live under the conditions that rarely make heroes. The physical necessities have through long years of low wages been reduced to a minimum, and hundreds of men and women employed in this trade are satisfied if they are kept just above the point of starvation and are provided with a place of shelter. The natural tendency of the race engaged in this line of employment is toward thrift, and thrift carried to the point of vice. This leads them to overcrowd their homes with boarders, thus increasing the physical disabilities of the wage-earners of the family. What is needed for the elevation of this people and the protection of their interests is a rigorous enforcement of the law against the sweat-shop system; the elimi-

nation of the middleman—the contractor; and compelling the manufacture of clothing to be done outside the living-rooms of the family. This last requirement will be enforced when the public sentiment of the workers themselves has been educated to protect their true interests, and not until then.



The recent strike among the weavers of St. Petersburg, although lost, demonstrates that the working people of Russia are acquiring a new power. The power which they have best shown is the power to control themselves during a time of great excitement. The strike was of course illegal, as all strikes are in Russia, but during the two weeks it was in progress the strikers refrained from any act which would have been illegal among the more progressive countries of Western Europe. The correspondent of the London "Times" says: "So far as we know, there have been no disturbances and no drunkenness. The majority of the strikers appear to have remained quietly in their homes." Everything was conducted so quietly that it was difficult for the police to learn who had organized the movement. The proclamations calling out the strikers were signed by an unknown "Committee for the Betterment of the Working Classes." In some way the strikers day after day were supplied with food and kept in line. The Government finally put down the strike by arresting strikers for breach of contract—the law requiring both employer and servant to give a fortnight's notice. These strikers, however, were tried before the regular courts instead of the administrative officers, who usually have dealt in such an arbitrary fashion with labor agitators. The demands of the strikers were an increase in wages and a reduction of the hours of labor to ten and a half per day, instead of thirteen or fourteen as at present. Although the men returned to work without obtaining any concession of importance, the Russian Government has recognized the new strength of the labor movement by summoning the Czar's Council of Ministers for the discussion of the labor question and the formulation of new legislation that may check the growth of Socialism.



One of the inquiries made by the Eleventh Census, which has not been included in the earlier censuses, was that of the ability of the people to speak English. The information furnished in answer to this question is of great interest and importance, particularly in connection with the foreign-born population of the country. It appears that the total number of persons in the country, ten years of age and over, who were unable to speak the language of the country was not less than 1,718,496, or 3.6 per cent. of the entire population; in other words, about one person in twenty-eight could not speak the tongue of the country. Distributing this number among the various groups of population according to nativity and race, it appears that about 10 per cent. of them were whites, native-born, of native parentage; that only about 4 per cent. of them were native whites of foreign parentage; that 80 per cent., or four-fifths of them, were whites of foreign birth, and that 6 per cent. of them were colored. These colored who could not speak English were doubtless Chinese and Indians, since those classes are included in the term "colored," and practically all negroes ten years of age and over can speak the English language, or at least their adaptation of it. The white natives of native parentage who could not speak English numbered 168,149. This was only two-thirds of 1 per cent. of all white natives of native parentage over ten years of age. It may at first sight strike the reader as a little curious that people can live in this coun-

try for two generations or more without acquiring the language, and the whereabouts of these people is a matter of interest. Thirty-eight thousand four hundred and ten of them are found in Pennsylvania, and are probably what are known as the "Pennsylvania Dutch," who are proverbially ignorant of the tongue of the country; 41,390 are found in Louisiana—they are the descendants of the French Acadians and of other early French colonists; 59,778 are found in New Mexico—they are among our oldest inhabitants, being the descendants of the early Spanish immigrants to that region. These three States account for 150,000, leaving only about 18,000 to account for. These are scattered widely, many of them, however, being the descendants of early Spanish settlers in Texas, Arizona, and California. The white natives of foreign parentage who could not speak English numbered only 69,876, and constituted but nine-tenths of 1 per cent. of all white natives of foreign parentage who were over ten years of age. They are widely scattered over the country, being found in considerable number only in the State of Louisiana, where they number 19,874, being between one-third and one-fourth of all. The small proportion of this class shows that even in the first generation the foreign element of our own population is pretty thoroughly Americanized, and this in spite of the vast volume of immigration and the colonizing of immigrants, by which it has been feared lest foreign tongues, and with them foreign ideas, would be perpetuated here.

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The whites of foreign birth who could not speak English numbered 1,371,044, and constituted not less than 15.6 per cent. of all whites of foreign birth who were over ten years of age. But a large part of our people of foreign birth came from English-speaking nations. From Great Britain and Ireland are not less than 3,000,000, besides many English-speaking people from Canada. These should be deducted from the total number of the foreign-born in calculating the percentage. Having done this, it results that 25 per cent., or one-fourth, of those coming from non-English-speaking nations cannot speak our tongue. Numerically, the great bulk of these are of course found in the Northern States, where the great body of the foreign-born element is massed. Thus, in New York there were found 215,110; in Pennsylvania, 133,962; in Wisconsin, 131,927; and in Illinois, 131,324. Comparing the number of the whites of foreign birth who could not speak English with the total number of whites of foreign birth who are over ten years of age brings out many interesting details. The highest proportion is found in Arizona, where 50 per cent. of the foreign element cannot speak English; next to that is Texas with 45 per cent., then New Mexico with 40 per cent. These large proportions are doubtless made up of people of Mexican extraction. Florida follows, with 29 per cent., its large proportion being probably due to the migration of Cuban cigar-makers. Wisconsin and New Hampshire are next in order, with 26 per cent. each. Of the element which produces this large proportion in Wisconsin it is impossible to make any statement. In New Hampshire it is doubtless largely due to the migration of French-Canadians across the border. Then comes Minnesota with 21 per cent., South Dakota with 20 per cent., then Maine and North Dakota with 19 per cent. In most of the other Northern States the proportion ranges from 9 per cent. to 19 per cent., while in the Southern and Western States, as a rule, the proportion is smaller. In Washington and Oregon the proportion is but 7 per cent., and in California but 8 per cent. It should be remembered, however, that the Chinese are not here included among the foreign-born,

since they are not classified as whites. The colored of California who cannot speak English form not less than 58 per cent. of all colored over ten years of age. This class in California is made up almost entirely of Chinese and Indians, the larger proportion being of the former race. In New York City 18 per cent. of the foreign-born cannot speak English. Similar proportions in other large cities are as follows: Chicago, 17 per cent., or one-sixth; Philadelphia, 8 per cent.; Brooklyn, 12 per cent.; St. Louis, 13 per cent.; Boston, 9 per cent.; Baltimore, 17 per cent.; San Francisco, 26 per cent., including the Chinese; Cincinnati, 16 per cent. The fact that one out of four of the foreign-born inhabitants of this country over ten years of age who have come from non-English-speaking countries have not learned the tongue of this country is at first a little startling, but when we reflect that these people have been among us but a short time (for probably nearly half of them came to this country within the ten years preceding this census), that most of them are adults to whom the learning of a new language is not easy, and that a large proportion of them are destitute of the rudiments of education, we may well be surprised that three out of four of them are already able to speak our language.

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The opposition of the landlords to the Irish Land Bill has been, as expected, more violent in the House of Lords than in the House of Commons. Party lines were altogether broken, and the Government had the mortification of being beaten on at least three important points, although sustained by many Liberal peers. The debate brought to Westminster many peers who are rarely seen there—several, it is said, even had some trouble in being identified. The class feeling and the appeal of personal interest were unpleasantly evident, and the tone of the debate has done much to revive that desire for the reform of the upper chamber which has lately been in abeyance. Majorities of 58, 47, and 19 were obtained for amendments opposed by the Government and totally altering the character of the bill as it passed the Commons. Other changes are likely to follow, and the measure, if accepted by the Commons in its new form, will be practically useless. It remains to be seen whether a compromise can be proposed which will be possible of acceptance. From the political point of view the lack of party control by the Conservative and Unionist leaders over their followers is thoroughly demoralizing. With a vast and confused mass of proposed legislation on its hands and with a large nominal majority, the Government party has accomplished practically nothing, and the hopes of immediate action are small.

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The latest proposal to settle the Irish land question, that for a minister and council of agriculture especially for Ireland, may mean much or little, according to the intention which underlies it. If there should be a council and minister whose investigations and recommendations are to be subjected to the revision of Irish landlords relying upon their Conservative allies, there will be little amelioration of the condition of the tenant. On the other hand, if minister and council should be impartially chosen with reference to their knowledge of the land laws and an intelligent sympathy with the tenants' disabilities, there is no proposal yet made which seems to us to point so directly to the root of the immediate difficulty. We say immediate, because the Irish trouble is and always has been mainly agrarian, and the political unrest has always drawn its life from that phase of it. Political aspirations for a just measure of local government will undoubtedly persist, apart from the land question; but the latter has caused

the bitter feeling, the rebellion, and the crime. It is exceedingly complex, owing to the numerous amendments in the law and the power of judicial interference in the valuation of rents. A large discretion might, it seems to us, be given to a council and minister in the management of this question without endangering in the least the political connection between England and Ireland. There is such a thing as political gratitude, and the Irish will never be satisfied with a measure liberal in its first offer, but weakened by restrictions in its application.

A few days ago the House of Commons passed a bill for the construction of a narrow-gauge railway from Mombasa, on the east coast of Africa, to Lake Victoria Nyanza as the inland terminus. The length of the road will be nearly seven hundred miles. The grant in aid of the project was liberal, and construction will proceed with all practicable rapidity. This is destined to prove another landmark in the commercial development and civilization of Africa, and is regarded as an additional step in British policy regarding Uganda, with which region, mild in climate, rich in natural resources, the new road will give connection. The annexation of Uganda was bitterly opposed by the British Radicals and by a portion of the Liberals; but Lord Rosebery's pronounced Imperialist attitude during his official career as Foreign Minister secured the proclamation of a British protectorate. If, according to the views of ardent Imperialists, England's advance southward along the Nile, and Cecil Rhodes's extension of British influence northward, are parts of a concerted scheme to gain a continuous belt of territory from Alexandria to Cape Town, the control of Uganda and the adjacent country as far as the eastern coast is a fitting complement to previous operations. It would afford a commanding center from which further advances could be made either to the south or the north. Such, indeed, is the motive assigned by the European Powers who are watching every move that England makes in Africa. A glance at the map will lend some support to this view, but the most important considerations are the law, order, and good government which, according to all British precedent, will follow the building of this railway, and the commercial activity which will be facilitated thereby. Missions will follow, and their teachings will be widely spread over a region which has already witnessed the martyrdom of heroic missionaries. The story of Bishop Hannington is still fresh in the recollection of the Church. It is sincerely to be hoped that Great Britain will do what she can to guard the natives from the rum traffic. This is the chief danger which attends the opening up of this great region to the work of civilization.

In the death of Sir William Grove England loses one of her ablest scientists and a man of great personal force. He was born in 1811, educated at Oxford, and became a barrister. His ill health drew him from the practice of his profession, and he began to experiment with electricity, soon engaging in scientific study and teaching as his sole occupation. In 1839 he invented the powerful voltaic battery which bears his name. He was professor of experimental philosophy at the London Institution from 1840 to 1847, and he took an active part in reforming the constitution of the Royal Society. He was President of the British Association at Nottingham in 1866. Among his most famous addresses were those on the Continuity of Natural Phenomena, the Progress of Physical Science, and the Correlation of Physical Forces. He made many important contributions to the literature of science, and was almost

unrivaled in his knowledge of the subtler forces of nature—electricity, heat, gases, etc.

The Sultan's rule is threatened in many directions. Armenia, Crete, the Lebanon (where the Druses are in revolt), Anatolia, and Macedonia are all in a turbulent state. Even so conservative an English paper as the London "Standard" declares that "a series of amputations would be the best treatment for the malady of the Sick Man of the East. The sooner the outlying provinces are severed from Turkish rule the better." From Crete come reports of massacres of Christians by Turks at Heraklion, and, though it is not certain that these reports are true, there is no doubt that the greater part of the island is in a state of anarchy; charges and counter-charges of outrages are constantly being made by both Turks and Christians. Nothing of effect has been done by the Cretan Chamber of Deputies which has just been dissolved. The demands of the Christian population that the Governor-General be a Christian appointed for five years by the Sultan with the consent of the Powers, and the further demands for reform legislation (already outlined in these columns), have been bitterly opposed by the Mohammedan deputies, and no result has been reached. In its international aspects, also, the problem is as complicated as ever. England has definitely refused her consent to the proposal of a blockade of Crete by the Powers which should prevent the importation of arms from Greece, and, in fact, furnish an outside guard for the Sultan while he carried on the work of suppressing internal commotion in his usual bloodthirsty fashion. Germany pretends to be very indignant at England for refusing to act in concert with the other Powers, but it is more than doubtful whether any of them have much taste for the undertaking. The proposal was a political move, doubtless emanating from Russia, and intended rather to keep the diplomats busy than to accomplish anything. Lord Salisbury is believed to have insisted that if there were a blockade it should exclude Turkish reinforcements as well as Greek arms—not a very logical position as regards international law, but a plain intimation of England's unwillingness to support Turkish dominion in the East. The rumored intention of abdication on the part of King George of Greece is rendered plausible by his ill health and the great popularity of Crown Prince Constantine; if, however, this is only another political move, it indicates an intention of more open support of the Cretan rebellion. Even as to Armenia the Sultan has some recent cause for uneasiness, as there is a belief that Russia may become more urgent and that the Czar has personally determined that the shame of recent Armenian history must not be allowed to be repeated. Further reports from the massacres at Van indicate that Armenian revolutionists were in some measure to blame in committing acts that incited the onslaught. But the Kurds and Turkish soldiers were only too ready to accept any excuse for slaughter and spoil. Miss Kimball's recently published letter from Van shows that the suffering and destitution are extreme; the horrors of the recent outbreak are almost incapable of exaggeration.

The new industrial progress of Japan is beginning to reveal some serious difficulties. The extension of foreign trade is at present a leading aim of Japanese statesmen, and schemes in furtherance thereof have not reckoned sufficiently with the indispensable conditions at home. It is reported that the laboring class is discontented. Strikes have occurred in different trades, and attention has been called thereby to the low wages, long hours, and other disabilities under which the workingmen are suffering.

The outward and visible results of Japanese industry have undoubtedly obscured a view of that which lies behind them. Now that the war is ended and the utmost energy is directed to commercial and industrial success, the voice of labor is sure to make itself heard. A serious drawback is indicated by the fact that there is very little culture among the laboring class, which has shared very little in the impulse of Western ideas, and is, therefore, partially ignorant of the objects with which its labor is directed, and of the rational way of betterment. Statesmanship, and whatever there is of parliamentary discussion, have been busied with the foreign outlook, treating the laborer and artisan as willing instruments in a far-reaching scheme. There seems to be much in the demands of Japanese labor which can easily be granted, if Government will consent to be more merciful to the factory hands than it has been in the past. The factory laws of this country and of England afford safe precedents for reducing working hours and for restricting the present unwise and harsh employment of child labor. The problem of wages is more difficult, and upon it the attention of Japanese statesmen must center if trouble is to be avoided in the near future.

The cheapness of Japanese labor is also exciting forecasts of its effect upon foreign competition. Americans who have recently visited Japan are astonished at the advance made in certain lines of manufacture supposed to have reached the highest excellence in the looms and mills of this country and of Europe. Mr. Robert Porter, in the current "North American Review," has called attention to facts which in his estimation prove Japan to be a very formidable competitor. In the silk and cotton-spinning industries the most notable results have been attained. In ten years the production of cotton yarns increased from 70,000 to 80,000,000 pounds. The progress in textile industries generally has been without parallel in the history of any other modern nation, and this has been done notwithstanding the absence of the latest machinery in some of the manufacturing districts. When the latest and best machinery is supplied—and Japanese manufacturers are making the utmost efforts to do so—it seems as if nothing could avert a general and urgent recognition of Japan's power in the industrial world. It is hardly to be wondered at when it is considered that the workman can live comfortably upon a fraction of the wages he would get in the United States or England. The quality and cheapness of certain Japanese imports to this country are pointed out as demanding the serious attention of our manufacturing and commercial interests. It is not as yet the quantity of these imports which is noteworthy, but rather the fact that they have been able to gain a foothold at all, successfully challenging our labor and capital in the way they have done.

Li Hung Chang's visit to Europe continues to excite curiosity and interest. He has been the guest in turn of the German Emperor, the French President, and the British Queen. He has been shown all the wonders of Western art and industry, and (as he is supposed to have a commission to invest money in arms and ships) the dockyards and gun-factories have been rather earnestly pressed upon his attention. The wise old Chinese statesman says very little about his impressions, and his compliments are courteous but generalized. If he has a political mission he has kept it to himself, although he has expressed a desire that England should allow China to increase duties on goods entering the treaty ports, and that she influence her colonies to grant better treatment to Chinese immi-

grants. Lord Salisbury is said to have responded with the expression of a desire for much-needed reforms in China, and for the protection of foreigners. It would be interesting to know what took place between Li Hung Chang and the Russian diplomats at St. Petersburg. Russia's influence in China is growing predominant, and is threatening the industrial undertakings of other foreigners. It is quite possible that, in point of fact, Li Hung Chang's tour is one of observation merely. Certainly he is one of the most peculiarly interesting personalities among the world's great men. His visit to America in September will be brief, but he should be received with genuine respect as well as curiosity. If for no other reason, Li Hung Chang's friendship and admiration for General Grant make him welcome to Americans. The Outlook, by the way, will print in its August Magazine Number an illustrated article about Li Hung Chang from the pen of General Grant's eldest son, Colonel Frederick D. Grant, of the New York Board of Police Commissioners.



The Political Issues

Dr. van Dyke's letter, which appears in another column, is characteristically frank and forcible, and demands an answer equally frank and direct. The Outlook has already, in three editorials on the issues of the campaign, stated its position explicitly. It has condemned without reservation the proposal to turn back the finger on the dial of political progress by undoing the work of the civil service reform—a work accomplished by the tireless efforts and the unwearied patience of as fine a group of men as has ever taken part in public affairs on this continent. The civil service is at last on an American basis—a basis, that is, of competency, merit, and permanence. To return to the old order of things would be going back to political barbarism; to the methods of those fungi of our political life, the bosses, who have done more to degrade our politics and to lower the tone of our public men than any other single cause. Nothing could be more disheartening or disastrous than the restoration of the spoils system. It should be added that the statement is made by two Chicago papers that the anti-civil service plank was not, in fact, adopted at Chicago.

The Outlook has also expressed with equal frankness its antagonism to the doctrine that the National Government must stand aside in times of civil disorder and violence and permit riot to run unchecked because city or State authorities are supine or indifferent. Where these authorities fail to act, and to act successfully, the duty of the General Government is plain and imperative. What it did at Chicago in a critical moment it is bound to do in every city on the continent if similar conditions arise. This authority it is bound to exercise, on the fundamental ground that, under democratic institutions, order must always be preserved. There are methods of redressing wrongs which are open to every citizen; legitimate agitation and the ballot make all desirable political changes possible; to use violence, to abet it, to connive with it, or to permit it, is treason to the cause of constitutional liberty.

On the question of a full and honest payment of every dollar of personal, State, or National indebtedness there cannot be, in the mind of any careful reader, any doubt as to the position of The Outlook. The sacredness of obligations, voluntarily entered into, is one of the cornerstones of civilized society. Nothing could be more demoralizing than a successful attempt to pay a dollar of indebtedness by a fifty-cent piece. All other calamities

would be trivial compared with such a decay of National character or such a confusion of moral ideals as would make it possible for the country to defraud its creditors under the form of law. The fate of the few States and communities which have repudiated their just debts teaches a lesson not soon to be forgotten; better any material misfortune than the moral misfortune of loss of honor and integrity. Because The Outlook believes that the free coinage of silver by the United States alone would result in a depreciation of the value of the silver dollar which would involve practical repudiation of a part of the National and individual indebtedness, it is unqualifiedly opposed to the free coinage of silver under present conditions. We believe that a very serious injury to a great class of our people, especially in the South and West, was inflicted by the demonetization of silver, and that the fall of prices consequent upon the appreciation of gold has added heavily to the burdens of those who are in debt. This is the real grievance which has given the free-coinage movement such surprising strength.

But two wrongs do not make a right, and The Outlook believes that the sufferings involved in the present condition are far less than those which would be brought upon the country by the free coinage of silver. It is true that the advocates of free coinage believe that silver would appreciate in value, and that there would be no unjust scaling down of debts; that a silver dollar would be as good as a gold dollar; but The Outlook fails to find ground for this hope.

It insists that the advocates of free coinage ought to have fair treatment in this campaign; that the movement is not in the hands of selfish speculators, dishonest repudiators, and crazy fanatics, and that the contemptuous spirit with which the discussion of the currency question has often been conducted in Eastern newspapers has had much to do with the height to which the sentiment in favor of free coinage has risen in many parts of the country. From that method of conducting a great public debate The Outlook desires to dissent with the whole force of the conviction that it is pernicious, short-sighted, and unpatriotic. But to treat an opponent courteously, fairly, and honorably, with a desire to present his views as he holds them and not as his caricaturists represent them, is one thing; to agree with him is quite another thing. The Outlook desires to deal fairly with the free-coinage movement, but it regards it not the less as involving grave dangers and inviting great disasters. It is, therefore, absolutely opposed to it.

The Commonwealth

II.—The Earth-Worker

The first condition of life is supply for our material necessities—food, fuel, shelter. These must precede books, pictures, and sermons. Civilization is not Christianity; but Christianity can progress no faster than civilization. "Having food and raiment," said Paul, "let us be therewith content;" the food and raiment are essential. No race of men can grow spiritually if they are habitually cold, hungry, and shelterless, nor if all their energies are expended on the problem how to escape cold, hunger, and the storm. Christ has himself represented this truth in putting before the prayer for forgiveness, guidance, or deliverance from evil, the petition, Give us this day our daily bread.

To this prayer God's answer is a fruitful soil. Only in the tropics does bread grow ready for eating. In the South American forests there are men who live with the

monkeys in the trees; but they are only a little above the monkeys in development. A true home is impossible in a tepee. Though commanding stones to be made bread is not the highest service to humanity, it is a real and often a needed service; but the stones do not obey the command until they are coerced. Douglas Jerrold we believe it was who described a fertile country by saying, "If you tickle the soil with a hoe, it laughs with a harvest;" but tickling the soil with a hoe is arduous toil. As we said last week, nature does not give something for nothing. She locks her treasures in granaries, and it requires both toil and skill to open the doors and get the treasures out. Robinson Crusoe's first need is something to eat and to drink; a spring may be found to give him water, but his gun or his trap must bring him food.

This is the service which is rendered by him whom, for want of a better title, we have designated as the "earth-worker." Under this general phrase we include the farmer, the miner, the lumberman. The first gathers the raw material from the soil for food, or cultivates flax, or makes the unwilling sheep render up his wool for clothing; the second finds in the soil copper and iron for tools, or coal and oil for fuel and light, or gold and silver for currency and the arts; the third compels the forest to send its trees to the towns and cities for shelter and furniture. The service which these render is a fundamental service; they are making life possible—not merely existence, but life—a life in which the culture of the mind and the spirit may be carried on. Civilization is measured in the first instance by the work which the earth-worker does for mankind. The age in which man uses a sharp stone for a hatchet is the stone age, the most barbaric epoch in early human history. Civilization and iron tools came in together.

A single illustration may suffice to indicate the spiritual service rendered to mankind by the miner—to take one of this family of public servants as a type of all. Formerly intellectual life was confined to daylight hours. A wick floating in a cup of oil gave a feeble light, but reading by it was a difficult task, attempted by very few. Who can measure the hours which have been and are added to the day—hours which we easily consecrate to intellectual culture—by the discovery and distribution of coal oil, affording opportunity for reading to the poorest and the humblest! There has been much glorification of the printing-press, but the printing-press would lose half its value if our evenings were shrouded in darkness. The men who are gathering and distributing coal oil are silent partners with the editor and author. If the one are giving their fellow-men something to read, the other are making reading possible.

The farmer, the miner, and the lumberman, then, are not mere drudges. They are not merely earning a living for themselves. They are making living possible for the world. They are vicariously toiling for their fellows. They are, by the sweat of their brow, releasing their companions from this necessary toil that the latter may do other tasks equally necessary. They are public benefactors. As Joseph distributed to the famine-stricken people the food which he had previously stored in the granaries of Egypt, so the farmer distributes to his fellow-men the food which God stored up in the prairies before the Pilgrims landed on this continent. The miracle of the multiplied loaves which Christ performed beside the Galilean Sea is repeated every spring, when the seed-corn is converted into many ears; and the beneficence which he and his disciples wrought, the farmer continues when he gathers what God gives to him, and distributes to the hungry who are waiting to receive it.

Books and Men

While it is true that the greatest books betray the most intimate acquaintance with the time in which they are written, and disclose the impress of that time in thought, structure, and style, it is also true that such books are so essentially independent of contemporary forms and moods that they wholly escape the vicissitudes which attend those forms and moods. The element of enduring interest in them outweighs the accidents of local speech or provincial knowledge, as the force and genius of Cæsar survive the armor he wore and the language he spoke. A great book is a possession for all time, because a writer of the first rank is the contemporary of every generation; he is never outgrown, exhausted, or even old-fashioned, although the garments he wore may long ago have been laid aside.

In this permanent quality, unchanged by changes of taste and form, resides the secret of that charm which draws about the great poets men and women of each succeeding period, eager to listen to words which thrilled the world when it was young, and which have a new meaning for every new age. It is safe to say that Homer will speak to men as long as language survives, and that translation will follow translation to the end of time. What Robinson said of the Bible in one of the great moments of modern history may be said of the greater works of literature: more light will always stream from them. Indeed, many of them will not be understood until they are read in the light of long periods of history; for as the great books are interpretations of life, so life in its historic revelation is one continuous commentary on the greater books.

This preponderance of the permanent over the accidental or temporary in books of this class is largely due to the unconscious element which plays so great a part in them: the element of universal experience, in which every man shares in the exact degree in which, in mind and heart, he approaches greatness. It is idle to attempt to discriminate arbitrarily in Shakespeare, for instance, those elements in the poet's work which were deliberately introduced and those which went into it by the unconscious action of his whole nature; but no one can study the plays intelligently without becoming more and more clearly aware of those depths of life which moved in the poet before they moved in his work; which enlarged, enriched, and silently reorganized his view of life and his power of translating life out of individual into universal terms. It would be impossible, for instance, to write such a play as "The Tempest" by sheer force of intellect; in the creation of such a work there is involved, beyond literary skill, calculation, and deep study of the relation of thought to form, a ripeness of spirit, a clearness of insight, a richness of imagination, which are so much part of the very soul of the poet that he does not separate them in thought, and cannot consciously balance, adjust, and employ them. They are quite beyond his immediate control, as they are beyond all attempts to imitate them.

Cleverness may learn all the forms and methods, but it is powerless to imitate greatness; it can simulate the conscious, dexterous side of greatness, but it cannot simulate the unconscious, vital side. The moment a man like Voltaire attempts to deal with such a character as Joan of Arc, his spiritual and artistic limitations become painfully apparent; of cleverness there is no lack, but of reverence, insight, depth of feeling, the affinity of the great imagination for the great nature or deed, there is no sign. The man is entirely and hopelessly incapacitated for the work by virtue of certain limitations in his own nature of which he is obviously in entire ignorance. The conscious skill of

Voltaire was delicate, subtle, full of vitality, but the unconscious side of his nature was essentially shallow, thin, largely undeveloped; and it is the preponderance of the unconscious over the conscious in a man's life which makes him great in himself and equips him for work of the highest quality. No man can put his skill to the highest use and give his knowledge the final touch of individuality until both are so entirely incorporated in his personality that they have become part of himself.

This deepest and most vital of all the processes of self-education and self-unfolding, which is brought to such perfection in men of the highest creative power, is the fundamental process of culture—the chief method which every man uses, consciously or unconsciously, who brings his nature to complete ripeness of quality and power. The absorption of vital experience and knowledge which went on in Shakespeare enlarged and clarified his vision and insight to such a degree that both became not only searching but veracious in a rare degree; life was opened to him on many sides by the expansion first accomplished in himself. This is saying again what has been said so many times, but cannot be said too often—that, in order to give one's work a touch of greatness, a man must first have a touch of greatness in his own nature. But greatness is not an irresponsible and undirected growth; it is as definitely conditioned on certain obediences to intellectual discipline and spiritual law as is any kind of lesser skill conditioned on practice and work. One of these conditions is the development of the power to turn conscious processes of observation, emotion, and skill into unconscious processes; to enrich the nature below the surface, so to speak; to make the soil productive by making it deep and rich. Men of mere skill always stop short of this final process of self-development, and always stop short of those final achievements which sum up and express all that has been known or felt about a subject and give it permanent form; men of essential greatness take this last step in that higher education which makes one master of the force of his personality, and give their words and works universal range and perennial interest.

Now, this is the deepest quality in the books of life, which a student may not only enjoy to the full, but may also absorb and make his own. When Alfred de Musset, in an oft-repeated phrase, said that it takes a great deal of life to make a little art, he was not only affirming the reality of this process of passing experience through consciousness into the unconscious side of a man's nature, but he was also hinting at one of the greatest resources of pleasure and growth. For time and life continually enrich the man who has learned the secret of turning experience and observation into knowledge and power. It is a secret in the sense in which every vital process is a secret; but it is not a trick, a skill, or a method which may be communicated in a formula. Mrs. Ward describes a character in one of her stories as having passed through a great culture into a great simplicity of nature; in other words, culture had wrought its perfect work, and the man had passed through wide and intensely self-conscious activity into the repose and simplicity of self-unconsciousness; his knowledge had become so completely a part of himself that he had ceased to be conscious of it as a thing distinct from himself. There is no easy road to this last height in the long and painful process of education; and time is an essential element in the process because it is a matter of growth.

There are, it is true, a few men and women who seem born with this power of living in the heart of things and possessing them in the imagination without having gone

through the long and painful stages of preparatory education; but genius is not only inexplicable, it is also so rare that for the immense majority of men any effort to comprehend it must be purely academic. It is enough to know that if we are in any degree to share with men and women of genius the faculty of vision, insight, and creative energy, we must master the conditions which favor the development of those supreme gifts. There is laid, therefore, upon the student who wishes to get the vital quality of literature the necessity of repeating, by deliberate and intelligent design, the process which in so many of the masters of the arts has been, apparently, accomplished instinctively. To make observation, study, and experience part of one's spiritual and intellectual capital it is, in the first place, necessary to saturate one's self with that which one is studying; to possess it by constant familiarity; to let the imagination play upon it; to meditate upon it. And it is necessary, in the second place, to make this practice habitual; when it becomes habitual, it will become largely unconscious; one does it by instinct rather than by deliberation. This process is illustrated in every successful attempt to master one art. In the art of speaking, for instance, the beginner is hampered by an embarrassing consciousness of his hands, feet, speech; he cannot forget himself and surrender himself to his thought or his emotion. He dare not trust himself. He must, therefore, train himself through mind, voice, and body; he must submit to constant and long-sustained practice, thinking out point by point what he shall say and how he shall say it. This process is, at the start, partly mechanical; in the nature of things it must be entirely within the view and control of a vigilant consciousness. But as the training progresses, the element of self-consciousness steadily diminishes, until, in great moments, the true orator, become one harmonious instrument of expression, surrenders himself to his theme, and his personality shines clear and luminous through speech, articulation, and gesture. The unconscious nature of the man subordinates his skill wholly to its own uses. In like manner, in every kind of self-expression, the student who puts imagination, vitality, and sincerity into the work of preliminary education comes at last to full command of himself and gives complete expression to that which is deepest and most individual in him. Time, discipline, study, and thought enrich every nature which is receptive and responsive.

A Futile Question

There are certain things which must be taken for granted and put out of discussion if one is to do anything worth while with time and life. The man who is constantly discussing in his own mind the question whether life is worth living will end by making his own life answer the question in the negative. If the ultimate meaning of life must be discovered before going through the process which reveals it, it is clear that men and women are in a very hopeless condition. It would be as rational to decide in advance whether a young man in the apprentice stage will ever paint a good picture, write a good book, or build a sound house. The possibilities of the germ can never be determined in advance of its unfolding; and, to put the matter on the low basis of experience, no man can ever tell whether life is worth living until he has actually lived. Nothing more futile than the question, "Is life worth living?" has ever been asked. It not only depends on the way in which a man lives, but it also depends on the totality of life and the sum of all its possibilities; and these are matters which are still beyond the ken of the race.

The struggle of life, writes Professor William James, may be a sham fight, but it feels like a real fight. Every open-minded man who is courageously making that fight must recognize that he is dealing with real things, not with shadows; that he is meeting real obstacles and temptations, and winning real victories or suffering real defeats. Whatever may be said about our human experience from the standpoint of happiness, it is certain that the note of reality sounds through the whole of it. It is serious to the very core, and always full of tragic possibilities. Moreover, every man who enters into this vital experience earnestly and honestly knows that it is intensely moral; that is to say, moral results follow fast upon every kind of activity. There is no sham element in the struggle from this point of view; no spectators are allowed on the field; every one is compelled to share in the struggle, and every one is better or worse in consequence. These things being so, no wise man will ask the question, "Is life worth living?" He will live first, and so find out what is in life and what it means.

The Outlook Vacation Fund

Unless The Outlook Vacation Fund is enlarged, many girls promised a vacation will have to lose it, as their vacation depends on the amount of money sent to The Outlook. While it is discouraging to have the fund grow so slowly during this hot weather, there still is an evidence of interest in it which gives hopes of the necessary amount of money being received. Friday morning's mail contained a letter, inclosing a check for \$30, which is of more than passing interest. The \$30 was the result of a collection taken up in the Sunday evening meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society of the Cotocheesitt Hotel. The members of this Christian Endeavor circle are the employees of the hotel. They are young people from the New England States—law students, medical students, two studying for the University, one studying civil engineering, one electrical engineering; five are in preparatory schools, five are teachers, one is a dress-maker, one a milliner, and one an instructor in gymnastics in a Young Men's Christian Association. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this circle is that some of the members are Roman Catholics. This in no wise seems to interfere with their interest, and they contribute by voice as much to the Sunday evening meetings as do the Protestants. These meetings are attended by some of the guests of the hotel.

The weather of the past week in New York has been so trying that many girls who are not strong have been compelled to work half-time, and many of them have been unable to work. These are the girls for whom we must have money to send them away. As has been frequently stated in The Outlook, the object of this fund is not only to give girls a two weeks' outing, but to increase their wage-earning capacity in order that the sum total of human misery may be reduced.

THE VACATION FUND

Previously acknowledged.....	\$3,176 07
R. E. T., East Orange, N. J.....	5 00
Pompey Hill.....	7 50
Mrs. B. W. L., Hartford, Conn.....	5 00
A. K. D.....	1 00
Ohioan.....	5 00
A. Friend, Norfolk, Conn.....	25 00
The Cotocheesitt Endeavor Society.....	30 00
From a Friend, Sagaponac, N. Y.....	5 00
Two Working-Girls, Yonkers, N. Y.....	5 00
A Thank Offering.....	3 00
S. B. L., Fair Haven, Conn.....	2 00
A. D. W., Block Island, R. I.....	19 00
W. Y. G., Syracuse, N. Y.....	5 00
Joe Brown, New York, N. Y.....	10 00
Germantown.....	1 00
Mrs. A. B. W.....	3 00
H. F. B., Philadelphia.....	5 00
X.....	10 00
H. M. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	5 00
W. E., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1 00
S. E. S. and K. S.....	5 00
North Brookfield, Mass.....	5 00
C. F. B., Waterville, Me.....	2 00
F. W. V., Hastings, Minn.....	10 00
J. N. W., Barton, Vt.....	1 00
C. B., Philadelphia, Pa.....	2 00
L. E. R., Wolcott, N. Y.....	5 00
Mrs. G. E. S., St. Paul, Minn.....	1 00
M. E. R., Gloucester, Mass.....	3 00
Mrs. S. H. C., Elmira, N. Y.....	1 00
Interested Girls, Holyoke, Mass.....	3 00
C. H. V. N., Orange, N. J.....	5 00
E. L. B., Bridgeport, Conn.....	5 00
A. Friend.....	10 00
E. de S., Baden, Germany.....	10 00
A. Friend, Amherst.....	10 00
No. 1,521, Syracuse.....	2 00
Total.....	\$3,408 57

A Mid-Pacific College

By Mabel Loomis Todd



CHASING eclipses is, upon the whole, a very desirable profession, especially when it involves so many charming things, by the way, as the Amherst Eclipse Expedition to Yezo. Having the good fortune to be conducted thither in the yacht *Coronet*, pleasantness of many sorts was a foregone conclusion. Two weeks of ideal sailing from San Francisco brought the yacht to anchor in the beautiful harbor of Honolulu, where the time allotted for remaining was all too short. Mauna Loa, the great volcano on the Island of Hawaii, two hundred and fifty miles from Honolulu, had been for over two weeks in magnificent eruption—the first time in many years; and it was decided to visit its enormous pillars and fountains of fire.

In a yet unpublished poem upon the volcano, generically considered, Emily Dickinson says:

The reticent volcano keeps
His never slumbering plan;
Confided are his projects pink
To no precarious man;
Admonished by his buckled lips
Let every babbler be;
The only secret people keep
Is immortality.

The "projects pink" of Mauna Loa were not, indeed, confided to any "precarious man," for before we could reach its base, the giant mountain was dumb, its fires withdrawn, after their brief glory, into the heart of earth. Kilauea, however, always remains, and thither we repaired for consolation.

Returning on the little inter-island steamer *Hall*, we were to hear the last words and give what attention and comfort were possible to Miss Kate Field during the final day of her life. The physician of the expedition, Dr. Adriance, was able to prolong her life for more than twelve hours by stimulants, but it was too late to save her. She had been making an exhaustive study into the condition of Hawaiians from many standpoints, and had worn herself out in rough riding and other exertion, without proper food, and with no care when she needed it. She seemed very happy to be comfortable again on a steamer, and supposed herself suffering only from fatigue. But it became my sad duty, at the doctor's request, to tell her that she was in the last stages of pneumonia, and could not live more than twenty-four hours. She died just after the steamer reached Honolulu. It is most unfortunate that the series of articles she was preparing could not have been finished.

Among the pleasant occurrences of our short stay at the islands was the dedication of the new Pauahi Hall at the Oahu College, on the evening of the 21st of May. The fine building of native stone, with its semi-tropical style of architecture, the brilliant electric lights, the band of musicians, the polished hard-wood finish of the interior, and the paintings, etchings, casts, and books, did not present what the average American would have imagined as a typical scene of mid-Pacific civilization. And, indeed, this particular aspect of civilization in Hawaii dates back for only a little over a half-century.

Just fifty-five years ago, 21st of May, 1841, the Rev. Daniel Dole landed on the island, and began his work of instruction and enlightenment. A school was opened the same year, with a small class of children, in a little adobe building a few yards east of where Dole Hall, built in 1848, now stands; and this was the real beginning, the birthplace, of Punahou School and Oahu College, of which Mr. Dole was one of the founders and the first head. This ripe scholar and Christian gentleman, father of the present President of the Hawaiian Republic, gave an impetus and tone to the school which caused its pupils to

take high rank in whatever college they might subsequently enter in the United States. Habits of accuracy and literary taste were as valuable then as now, and these were bestowed in liberal measure at Punahou. The name means "new spring," and this it became in all senses. The high thinking of those early days must have meant very plain living, for the pupils paid but fifty cents a week for their board.

A permanent school-house was opened on the 11th of July, 1842—a building of one story, the ground plan like the letter E, inclosing two square courts, with the school-room in the center. This building, also of adobe, its timbers and rafters of wood from lovely Manoa Valley, the roof of thatch from Round Top, and the plaster and white-wash from the coral limestone and sand of the Kewalo reefs, was purely a native product; but the animating spirit was of foreign importation.

In 1854 the school became a college, not with rank corresponding to Yale or Amherst or Williams, but carrying the student about to the junior year of those institutions, and equipping him with peculiar fitness for the more liberal development which they could offer. In 1863 nearly one hundred and thirty acres of the land of Punahou, with the buildings and improvements, were deeded to the trustees of Oahu College. One of its most constant and generous patrons is the Hon. Charles R. Bishop, whose devotion to the interests of the institution has been a conspicuous factor in its history and success.

By 1864, when President Mills resigned, the College had been placed upon a self-supporting basis, though the genuine and happy turning-point in its fortunes occurred in 1881 at the celebration of its fortieth anniversary, when a large fund was raised by alumni and friends. In 1882 another large sum was added to the building fund, and the following year the main building was erected, in 1884 the Bishop Hall of Science, and in 1885 the new President's house. Smaller improvements, in the way of verandas, swimming-tanks, and other additions, were made from time to time; and by 1889 the endowment fund received \$56,000, of which about two-thirds were given by Mr. Bishop.

Shortly after Mr. Frank A. Hosmer, of the class of 1875 at Amherst College, became President, the semi-centennial was appropriately celebrated, in 1891. The orator of the occasion was the late and well-beloved General Armstrong, who in a brilliant and characteristic speech gave many incidents of the old days when he was a "Punahou boy;" while Professor Alexander, the distinguished historian of the islands, and for seven years President of the College, told its story in his own delightful manner.

Since then Oahu College and its preparatory school have gone quietly forward, becoming more of a power with every year. In 1893 President Hosmer suggested, in view of the increasing needs of the institution, that a new academic hall be built, and plans and drawings were submitted by various architects, every design, however, carrying out the idea of a solid stone pier rising from the foundation to form a tower for a telescope, thus giving all possible stability to an elevated observatory. A compromise between two of the plans was made, and the result is a very effective and handsome building, costing a little less than \$80,000—another superb monument to Mr. Bishop's liberality.

An island of volcanic rock, varied by a few coral reefs around the edges, is not the most prolific spot for good building materials, most of the stone being porous and not impervious to water, while the beautiful ko wood is so hard that it is impracticable on account of the expense of working it. As a matter of fact, timber for all frame houses is brought from California and Washington and Oregon, which makes a comparatively simple house of much greater cost than in America. Many specimens of native stone were submitted for use in the new Pauahi Hall, and the building committee finally accepted a compact gray stone:

found at the entrance of Manoa Valley, not only very handsome in itself, but giving evidence of entire power to withstand water.

The grounds, with their mass of tropical foliage, the fine algeroba trees, and avenues of palms, were in gala dress for the dedication ceremonies, and the formal transference of Pauahi to the College Faculty. The address of the evening was given by the distinguished President of the Republic, the Hon. Sanford B. Dole, who was greeted with prolonged and enthusiastic applause. His delightful speech was full of the best spirit of modern Hawaii, reaching always for the highest, yet permeated throughout by the poetry bequeathed from the older days. His courteous tact and personal popularity seem to have laid for a time the uneasy and opposing political elements at work on the islands, and all factions unite in loyalty to his gracious administration.

After the address, the keys of the new building were delivered, with an interesting speech, by the Hon. W. R. Castle to President Hosmer, who responded with feeling tribute to those devoted men in the past who made possible the development of to-day, a growth probably far beyond what they would have dared to dream in the simple beginnings of their time. A fine organ, presented by Mrs. S. N. Castle as a memorial to her husband, was played during the evening, and there were selections by the College Glee Club and an orchestra lately inaugurated by the students.

The wonderful Hawaiian climate, never too hot and never too cold, appeared that evening at its best, and will always add its indefinable but no less haunting charm to the memories of Oahu.

As the *Coronet*, four days later, sailed lightly out of the harbor and through the reefs, with parting salutes resounding, and fair Diamond Head growing blue and misty with increasing distance, what could we say in farewell more appropriate than the beautiful native word, which means so much of greeting, friendliness, tenderness, and good-by, *Aloha!*

Yacht Coronet, approaching Japan, June 16, 1896.



Humors of the Single Tax Campaign

By Priscilla Leonard

How beautiful, along thy shore,
Delaware, my Delaware,
Shall Freedom's word ring out once more,
Delaware, my Delaware!
We want the earth, we want the earth,
Our warrant is our manhood's worth,
Our title is our human birth,
Delaware, my Delaware!
We want the earth, we want it all,
We want the whole terrestrial ball.
Awake! awake! 'tis Freedom's call,
Delaware, my Delaware!

The Single Tax troubadours, with their yellow leggings, their slouched hats, their ribbon badges upon the arm, and their knapsacks filled with fervid tracts, have roamed through the length and breadth of the Diamond State for over a year, singing this enthusiastic strain to the air of "Maryland, my Maryland." On their anniversary day, Sunday, June 14, an open-air meeting was held in Wilmington, and the results of their twelve months' effort to educate Delaware were proclaimed. There are now in the State about twenty-five associations. Clubs have been organized in thirteen towns, and Wilmington has eleven ward clubs and one general club. The total membership of all these clubs amounts to about 1,900, the Single Taxers assert. It has been a picturesque campaign, and they have enjoyed it thoroughly, if we can believe one of them who thus gives his experience in the columns of "Justice," the Single Tax organ of the State:

To Single Taxers:

Have you got the blues? Don't you feel well? If so, go to Delaware. Have the little children follow you through the streets begging for Single Tax buttons. Hear the "tots" sing

"The Blue Hen is a Bird" and "Tax! Tax!! Tax!!! We'll Tax the Landlords." Have the voters of Delaware shake you by the hand, and whisper in your ear, "I'm with you fellows, but I'm not saying anything on account of the wife and the little ones." Go out at 7 P.M. and talk the rights of man until 2:30 A.M. to crowds of intelligent citizens. Have the "spellbinders" come trooping in from all over the State in twos and threes at the peep of dawn, and open your tired eyes to see H— giving a pantomimic illustration of how he dodged stale eggs at a little unfriendly town where they think Single Taxers are Anarchists, while the boys roar with laughter. Then take a trip up the beautiful Delaware River, and inhale the pure air, and if you don't come home a better man, not only mentally and morally, but physically, you can put me down for a dodo!

In this varied, cheerful, and healthful way the Single Tax has been disseminated through Delaware. Nobody has seriously objected, and everything has been rose-color, except that the indifference of the newspapers, which nicknamed the propagandists "windlords" in contradistinction to landlords, has rather galled the apostles of the new movement. As Delaware politics are badly mixed in the present campaign, there being two Republican parties, and a prospect of a Democratic split, while a Prohibition, a National, a Populist, and a Socialist Labor party are also in the field, the Single Tax leaders have a real opportunity to secure and use the balance of power, and make their own terms in many localities. They have already drafted a Single Tax Bill for presentation to the Legislature next January, amending all existing State taxation, so as to leave only a direct tax on land and a poll tax, on voters, of one cent, and they have announced lately that, though they do not propose to run a separate ticket, they are in a position to dictate, positively, who shall *not* be elected, and to secure recognition from the members of other parties who shall be elected by their help.

Thus, according to their own statements, they have found Delaware a hospitable community. Lately, however, the peaceful tenor of their progressive way has been injudiciously disturbed, and they are enjoying to the full the notoriety of martyrdom. In May two of their orators were arrested on the main street of Dover, the capital of the State, for "being engaged in a noisy assemblage or gathering of persons which was an obstruction to the full use of said street and sidewalk." The village "squire" imposed a sentence of ten dollars or thirty days, and the "windlords" seized their opportunity. Refusing to pay, they were sent to Dover jail, and remained for not quite a week, as the Governor pardoned them as soon as the matter came to his notice. The newspapers throughout the State, also, promptly condemned the arrest as affording a pretext for martyrdom.

But the Dogberrys of a small town are not always open even to the best of advice. Besides, the situation was complicated by the fact that the authorities had already announced that the village green was open to all speakers, and that no speaking was to be allowed in the main street without a permit. This permit the "windlords" refused to apply for, standing out for absolutely free speech. Both sides, in fact, were willfully obstinate. The Single Taxers would not use the green, as they said it was two squares away from the crowds on the main street, and they could not reach their proper audience, and would not apply for a permit; while the authorities, on their side, enforced the ordinance much more rigidly than was necessary, arresting the men as soon as they mounted a box to address the passers-by, before any crowd had gathered, or any real obstruction of the street had taken place.¹ On July 18 a second series of arrests were made, and then the comedy of the situation began to develop itself broadly.

Dover jail is small, and Dover is cautious, and, above all, economical. The Single Taxers, therefore, resolved to overwhelm their opponents by force of numbers. Four more speakers were at once sent down to Dover, and arrested at once. One hundred volunteers were then called for by the association, and already six more have gone down and joined the martyr band. The Chairman of the Campaign Committee is among the number, and is direct-

¹ Since the above was written, the Single Taxers have agreed to use the green, and have received a permit.

ing matters from his prison cell. He sends orders every day to the Secretary at Wilmington, for more volunteers, literature, etc. He has also sent for a number of cots and blankets for his followers, so that they will not have to sleep upon the prison beds. Five hundred copies of "Justice," denouncing the arrests, have been distributed in Dover, and the prisoners hold daily sessions, with lectures and discussions to while away the time. The situation at present is stationary—so much so that the last two volunteers (who spoke in the rain) were not arrested, though they declaimed for thirty minutes. Kent County is economical, and does not intend to board and lodge too many prisoners, even for conscience' sake.

The Governor, when appealed to again on behalf of the martyrs, has not been sympathetic. He answers briefly:

Mr. Stephenson: Dear Sir—I did say to you that I would release all Single Taxers that were arrested for exercising the right of free speech, as fast as the Dover authorities arrested them. But I did not say that I would, nor will I, pardon law-breakers.

Yours,

W. T. WATSON.

In other words, he thinks the present affair is "playing to the gallery," and prefers to let things take their course. The Single Tax Association is now preparing to bring suit for false arrest and imprisonment, in behalf of the twelve prisoners, against the town of Dover, the damages being laid at \$70,000. The cases will be brought before the United States District Court at Wilmington. Meanwhile the colony in Dover prison have the sincere sympathy of all humane citizens, as the jail is not a comfortable or modern one, and the accommodations most inadequate for such a number, especially in the heats of July and August. More sympathy still would be felt if the struggle had not been partly provoked by the Single Taxers themselves, and, indeed, they are so frankly elated over the opportunity for martyrdom that it seems superfluous to pity them. Yet there is a strong sentiment in favor of letting them have free swing, as a matter of public policy. Delawareans are a kindly, though hardly a progressive, people, and they want no martyrs, for any cause, whether wise or foolish, within their borders. They may not like the sentiments of these ardent disciples of Henry George, who go round singing (to the tune of "Johnny Comes Marching Home"):

When Delaware gets the Single Tax,

Hurrah! Hurrah!

The landlord then will have to make tracks,

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Oh! won't that be a blissful State

For those that live in the Blue Hen state?

And we'll all feel gay, when the landlord is no more!

Yes, we'll all feel gay, when the landlord is no more!

But they are not fairly represented by the Single Tax poet (somewhat haltingly inspired) who writes, apropos of Squire C—— and the Dover Jail:

The mob may make moan, but the landlords own

The earth and the fullness thereof;

And I'll silence these cranks with their crazy cry of justice and love.

Imprisoned alone in my cells of stone,

They shall cease to agitate,

They shall know my power, they shall feel my hate,

While I am the law and the magistrate!

As a matter of fact, the educated sentiment of the State, even among the hated "landlords," is not hostile to the Single Tax, but only indifferent to its untried theories. It is palpably unjust that for a petty bit of obstinacy, in the magistracy of a small town, the whole State should be pilloried as "tyrannous" and "plutocratic." "We are not doing this for Delaware," said one Single Taxer, as he shipped off a party of volunteer martyrs to Dover; "we are doing it for the eyes of the whole country." The Diamond State has not the slightest objection to the eyes of the whole country being upon her, if they are only clear-sighted enough to distinguish between a whimsical and determined martyrdom and an actual and tyrannous repression of the right of free speech.

The Lilies

By R. W. Raymond

What is the way the lilies grow?

They sleep in winter under the snow,

And stir in their sleep, and dream of the sky

They shall look up to by and by;

And when the Spring, with fingers small,

Reaches and touches and wakes them all,

Then out they come, and up they go;

That is the way the lilies grow!

And yet they do not suddenly leap

Up from the bed of their winter sleep,

Saying, "Behold, how grand are we,

As big to-day as ever we'll be!"

Oh, no; that is not the lilies' way,

With strain, and striving to grow in a day:

Calm and happy, and sure and slow—

That is the way the lilies grow.

They draw their strength for leaf and stem

Out of the earth that cradled them;

Then catch in their tiny hands the rain

To wash them clean of earthly stain,

And lift their faces to air and sun

That clothe in beauty every one.

To heaven above from earth below—

That is the way the lilies grow!

By and by, when the time is come,

All unconscious they bud and bloom.

Then, in a glory that far outshines

Richest splendors of royal lines,

Over the meadows in bright array

The lilies cluster, and seem to say,

"How this happened we do not know,

"But that is the way we lilies grow!"

Little children (and larger, too!),

Let the lilies say this to you:

Would you climb to the upper air,

Strong, unsullied, and free of care,

Gathering ever from earth and sky

Grace and glory in full supply,

Would you win life's victory so?

Consider the lilies, how they grow!



Prophets of the Christian Faith

XI.—Isaiah as a Preacher¹

By the Rev. Francis Brown

Professor in Union Theological Seminary

Much depends on our understanding the relation of the prophets to their own times. It is difficult for some good people to learn that this is of primary consequence—only less fundamental than their close relation to God. The importance they have for us rests very largely on the more direct importance they had for their own contemporaries. No intelligent person now supposes that prediction is all of prophecy, but many intelligent persons fail to perceive or to appreciate the fact that, in God's ordering, predictive prophecy is conditioned by the circumstances that attended its birth, and is designed to affect contemporary belief and life. The same thing is true of the moral and religious teachings of the prophets. The prophets were not moral philosophers nor systematic theologians. Neither the speculative nor the scientific spirit controlled them. They had visions, but they were not visionaries; they taught great truths, but they were not professors of dogmatics.

¹ Previous articles in this series have been: "What is a Prophet?" by Lyman Abbott (The Outlook for December 14, 1895); "The Apostle Paul," by the Rev. George Matheson, D.D. (December 21, 1895); "Clement of Alexandria," by the Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D. (January 4, 1896); "St. Augustine," by the Rev. A. C. McGiffert, D.D. (February 8); "Wycliffe," by Dean Fremantle (March 14); "Martin Luther," by Adolf Harnack (March 28); "John Wesley," by Dean Farrar (April 25); "Jonathan Edwards," by the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, D.D. (May 30); "Horace Bushnell," by the Rev. T. T. Munger, D.D. (August 1); and "F. D. Maurice," by the Rev. A. V. G. Allen, D.D. (August 8).

They were men of intense spiritual life, eager to influence the national organism of which they themselves formed a part—the men and women among whom they moved, whose wants and sins they clearly saw. They were not essayists nor theorizers. They were preachers and interpreters. From the stern announcements of Amos and the passionate pleadings of Hosea, down to the fierce joy of Nahum over Nineveh's fall, the melancholy of Jeremiah at his people's calamity, and the encouragements and spiritual exhortations of Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi, they are all men of their own people, with throbbing, longing hearts. Even the apocalyptic prophets, such as Ezekiel, Joel, and Daniel, make present conditions their starting-point. It is this which, humanly speaking, gives to their messages their permanent vitality. Conditions and circumstances change, but the living God and the heart of man abide, and those who have ever really interpreted the one to the other are the preachers of all time.

As soon as we recognize the prophets as children and servants of their own age, the study of that age and its various periods and experiences becomes imperative. We cannot understand them without knowing the character and needs of their people at the time when they spoke. The better we know these—the more minutely we learn the fitness of prophetic utterances to the exact situations that called them forth—the richer will these utterances become for us, not only as memorials of a past age, but also, and especially, as messages to ourselves.

No prophet illustrates all this better than that most gifted of the prophets, Isaiah. Isaiah was a man of great natural endowments, intensified and consecrated to the loftiest ends by his self-surrender to God. He had the intellectual grasp of a great statesman, and the fervid imagination of a great poet. He could make combinations and foresee consequences, and warn him who ventured upon devious ways; he could portray with sustained power, he could overwhelm with the outpourings of righteous indignation, he could pierce with irony, he could cheapen with ridicule, he could mourn over his self-destroying people, he could sympathize with the downcast, he could rise to heights of spiritual experience and anticipation. All his gifts were in the service of his generation. He was absorbed in them, and in God's dealings with them. The present was awful to him because of its issues for them; the future was gloomy because it held punishment for their obstinacy, or bright because after the purification was to come their glory and their peace.

Fortunately for us, in the case of no other prophet have we a better opportunity to learn the concrete character of his thought, or study the influences which shaped its expression.¹ While our information is only to a slight degree of a personal character, and while our knowledge of the contemporary history is not equally full at all points, we find that there were two crises in the national life around which many of Isaiah's most telling sermons group themselves—the Syro-Ephraimistic war (B.C. 734 ff.), with the Assyrian campaign under Tiglathpileser III., by which that war was terminated, and the invasion of Sennacherib, B.C. 701. Lack of exact chronological arrangement in our present Isaian collection makes the assignment of the various addresses and sermons more difficult than it otherwise would be, but scholars are fairly well agreed as to the illustrations here given.

As so frequently happens under autocratic rule, the humiliation of Judah under Ahaz followed speedily upon the military successes of Uzziah and Jotham—Ahaz's grandfather and father. The bold leader and strong ruler passes away, a weakling succeeds him, and there is no habit of self-control, self-reliance, and responsible patriotism in the many, to take the place of the one vigorous hand. Probably the earliest words of Isaiah preserved to us are those in which he characterized the moral condition of Judah at the close of Jotham's reign and the beginning of that of Ahaz, about the year 735. Conquest had brought increase

of wealth, luxury, pride, idolatry, looseness of life, weakening of moral fiber. The inevitable consequences of this emasculation could not be hidden from the keen eye of Isaiah, divinely clarified, and sweeping the horizon, upon which the might of Assyria was distinctly looming up. Accusation and warning have seldom been addressed to a nation in nobler and more searching language than that preserved to us—in a somewhat fragmentary form, it is true—in Is. ii., 6–21. After the arraignment, vv. 6 ff., comes the announcement of the judgment day of Yahweh, vv. 12 ff.:

For a day hath Yahweh Sebaoth
Upon all that is exalted and high,
And upon all that is uplifted,—yea it shall be laid low,—
And upon all the cedars of Lebanon,
And upon all the oaks of Bashan,
And upon all the high mountains,
And upon all the uplifted hills,
And upon every tower that is lofty,
And upon every fortified wall,
And upon all Tarshish ships,
And upon all the objects of delight,
And the haughtiness of man shall be abased,
And brought low the loftiness of men,
And Yahweh alone shall be exalted
In that day!

The early part of the third chapter contains the prophet's scourging attack on the political condition of the people under the weak and effeminate rule of Ahaz:

For behold! the Lord, Yahweh Sebaoth,
Removeth from Jerusalem and from Judah support and stay,
Hero and man of war, judge and prophet,
And diviner and elder, captain of fifty and exalted one,
And counsellor and skilful magician and shrewd enchanter,
And I will set boys as their princes, and children shall rule over them (vv. 1–4).

My people, its overseer is a wilful child,
And women, they have ruled over it;
My people, those guiding thee are misleading,
And the way of thy paths they have swallowed up (v. 12).

In the latter part of the same chapter comes the intense and contemptuous ridicule of the luxurious and worthless women of the court. In chapter v., 8 ff., we find a group of "Woes" pronounced upon oppression, intemperance, and reckless presumption, and at the beginning of the same chapter a statement of the whole case of Yahweh against Israel, in which sternness is joined with profound and tender sadness:

What was there more to do for my vineyard that I did not in it?

Why did I expect it to bear grape-clusters, and it bore worthless things?

Chapter vii., which begins in narrative form, shows us the invasion of Pekah and Rezin already in progress, and the prophet vainly endeavoring to awaken faith in God in the heart of the superficial and faint-hearted Ahaz, who appears already to have formed the plan of saving himself from the allied enemies, Aram and northern Israel, by throwing himself into the arms of Assyria, as related in 2 Kings xvi. All Isaiah's assurances are of no avail, not even his declaration that deliverance is so certain and will be so speedy that a child soon to be born shall by right receive the name "God-with-us," because the hand of God shall by that time already be manifest in the defeat of the foe. Ahaz is too timid and too far involved with Tiglathpileser to respond, and the prophet is compelled to pass in vv. 17 ff., to an announcement of the disaster that will follow upon the Assyrian alliance.

To a time a little later, when Assyria was already on the move, belongs the declaration of judgment upon the Northern Kingdom, ix., 8–21, winding up with the magnificent description of the oncoming Assyrian host, v., 26–30, which has become displaced:

And he hath lifted up a signal to the nations afar, and hath hissed to him at the end of the earth,
And behold, hastily, swiftly, he cometh!

None weary, and none stumbling among them,—he slumbereth not and he sleepeth not.

¹ Among recent writers in English on this subject may be named Canon S. R. Driver, D.D., "Isaiah, His Life and Times," 2d Ed., 1893; Professor George Adam Smith, D.D., "The Book of Isaiah," Vol. I., 1889; Canon T. K. Cheyne, D.D., "Introduction to the Book of Isaiah," 1895; Professor Maximilian Lindsay Kellner, "The Prophecies of Isaiah: An Outline Study," 1895.

And the girdle of his loins hath not been loosed, and the thong of his sandals not broken!

Whose arrows are sharpened, and all his bows bent;

The hoofs of his horses, like flint are they reckoned, and his wheels like the whirlwind!

A roar he hath like the lion, he roareth like the young lions,

And he growleth, and he seizeth prey, and he carrieth it safe away, and there is none that delivereth,

And he growleth over them in that day, like the growling of the sea,

And they look to earth, and lo, thick darkness, and the light hath grown dark in its clouds!

[For all this his wrath has not turned back, and still is his hand stretched forth!]

About the second great crisis of Jerusalem during Isaiah's ministry, that caused by the invasion of Sennacherib in 701, another set of prophecies group themselves. In these, although the people is not freed from blame for the perils of the situation, especially in respect to the false move of intrigue with Egypt, the general tone is more cheerful, and the expectancy of deliverance more absolute. This time the King (Hezekiah) and the prophet were in more substantial accord. The words of Isaiah contained in 2 Kings xix., 6, 7, 20 ff. (= Isa. xxxvii., 6, 7, 21 ff.) indicate the hopeful tenor of what he then felt moved to say. From a somewhat earlier year are chapters xxix., xxx., xxxi., xxxii.; more nearly coincident in time are the verses xiv., 1-14. For our purposes the prophecy concerning Assyria, x., 5 ff., may be cited. The point of view is different from that of ix., 7 ff., v., 26 ff. Here the presumption and the punishment of Assyria are set in the foreground, and assurance is given to Jerusalem of rescue from this seemingly invincible foe:

Ho, Asshur! rod of mine anger! yea, a staff in their hand is my wrath!

Against a profane nation do I send him, and over the people of my rage do I command him!

To take spoil and seize booty, and to make them a trampling, like mire in the streets.

But he, not so doth he devise, and his heart, not so doth it reckon.

For to destroy (is) in his heart, and to cut off nations, not a few.

For he saith, Are not my princes altogether kings? Is not Calno as Carchemish?

Or is not Hamath as Arpad, or is not Samaria as Damascus? As my hand hath lighted upon the kingdoms of the no-gods,—and their images are more than in Jerusalem,—

Shall I not, as I have done to Samaria and her no-gods, so do to Jerusalem and her idols?

But Yahweh shall punish him for his presumption. The passage ends with the imaginative picture of the approach of the Assyrian army to Jerusalem from the north, and its sudden overthrow (vv. 28-34):

He hath come upon Ayyath, hath passed by Migron, at Michmash he storeth his baggage;

They have crossed the pass, at Geba they have taken night-quarters.

Ramah trembleth, Gibeah of Saul hath fled.

Cry aloud, daughter of Gallim, give ear, Layisha, answer her, Anathoth!

Madmenah hath become a wanderer, the dwellers in Gebim have hurried off (their treasures).

This very day he is to halt in Nob, brandishing his hand against the mountain of the daughter of Zion;

Behold, the Lord, Yahweh Sebaoth, loppeth off the boughs with frightful crash,

And the high in stature are hewn down, and the lofty, they shall be laid low;

And he shall cut down the thickets of the forest with iron, and Lebanon by a mighty one shall fall!

There is space now for only a word about the specific Messianic predictions ascribed to Isaiah—those in which the expectation of a great deliverance involves a future king to be the great deliverer. These, too, are rooted, more or less distinctly, in the present, and their expression is framed for effect upon the prophet's own contemporaries. Scholars generally hold that the most definite and stirring of them all found its point of contact with the national life in the devastation of Northeast Israel by

Tiglathpileser III., in the invasion of 734, which cost Pekah his throne and his life. It was then that Isaiah, keenly feeling the blow which had fallen upon the sister kingdom, recognizing, indeed, the divine mission of Assyria, but believing this to be only temporary, and confident that the haughty invader must be overthrown, despairing of any leadership in that overthrow on the part of the weak, timorous, and self-willed Ahaz, received power to announce the birth of the child who was to conquer all enemies, set his people free, and secure them peace. All the world knows the verses now, and gives them a comprehensive and spiritual interpretation, but the political conditions of Isaiah's time have left an indelible mark upon them, and we can interpret them largely because he compressed into them so much intensity of patriotic feeling and so much confidence of faith. I am speaking of the great prediction of ix., 1-6, ending with the stanza (vv. 4-6):

Yea, every boot of the man that stampeth with noise, and garment rolled in blood—

It shall be for burning,—fuel for fire.

For a child is born to us, a son is given to us, and the dominion shall come upon his shoulder,

And his name shall be called Wonder of a Counsellor, God-hero, Possessor of Spoil, Prince of Peace!

For the increase of the dominion and for peace without end, upon the throne of David and over his kingdom,

Establishing it and sustaining it, by justice and by righteousness, from now, even forever!

The zeal of Yahweh Sebaoth will perform this.

This portrayal of Isaiah's prophetic work has been meager enough. Into some regions of his thought it has not been possible even to enter. But the illustrations given are sufficient to establish his greatness—greatness as an artist and greatness as a preacher. His sermons are poems, in which poetic fire and skill are wholly genuine and wholly at the service of his moral integrity and his spiritual insight, so that through them God revealed his will to the men of Isaiah's time, and has revealed his will afresh to the successive generations since Isaiah died.

The Biography of a Child of God

A Sermon by Lyman Abbott¹

For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren. Moreover whom he did predestinate, them he also called: and whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also glorified.—Romans viii., 29, 30.

This is the biography of a child of God. But it is written from the divine, not from the human, point of view. It is the biography written as it is seen by one who for the moment stands at the right hand of God, and sees what God is doing in the world—not at the right hand of the man seeing what he is doing. It is the story of God's work in the heart and life of one of his children. He foresees something in the child; and, because he foresees something, he determines to do something for him; and because he determines to do something for him, he calls him to the life which he has purposed for him; and because he thus calls him to this life, he fits and prepares him for it; and then, when all is done, he perfects the work which he has begun, and which he has carried on, and glorifies him.

Let us look at these steps in the biography of a child of God as they are seen by a prophet who for the moment takes his stand at the right hand of God, and watches what God is doing for his children.

First, God sees in men a great possibility. As a gardener sees in a bulb the possibility of a tulip, so God sees in the earthly man, morally and spiritually unkempt, with no form or comeliness in him, the possibility of a splendid blossom. As an architect, in the hillside where the rustic had seen nothing but marble cropping out, beholds the possibility of palaces and temples when the marble shall have been taken from its place and chiseled into forms as beautiful as its veins are beautiful, so God, looking on this uncut quarry of humanity, hard, cold, unbeautiful, beholds

¹ Preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday morning, April 19, 1896. Reported by Henry C. Winans, and revised by the author.

a new Jerusalem, splendid in the shining of what is more than the sun.

When I was a little boy, my father went from Roxbury to Maine, and found there on the borders of a village a few acres, with a swamp, a sluggish brook, and a hillside of sand; he bought them, and the practical New England men sneered at this "foolish man" that had come down from the city and bought a sand-hill and a swamp and a sluggish brook for a home. But he dug out the swamp, and opened the course of the brook, and covered the sand-hill with trees and grass, and after he had worked five years, and Nature had worked five more years or longer, "Little Blue" came to be known through all that part of Maine as a beautiful spot. He had foreseen, and, seeing the possibility which duller eyes had not seen, had wrought it out. So in you and in me—nothing but a swamp, a sluggish brook, a sand-hill that others pass by, or would have passed by, saying, "There is nothing there"—God sees the possibility of glory, and begins his landscape-gardening.

You will say, "Who put the possibility of beauty there—did not He?" I think he did, but Paul does not go as far back as that. Paul begins with what God sees—and I will begin with what God sees. God sees the seeds lying in the soil, but he also sees what can be made out of those seeds. He sees the combativeness and the destructiveness of the tiger in man, and he says, "I will make courage out of that;" he sees the drudgery of the bee, and he says, "I will make splendid industry out of that;" he sees the superstition which enthalls men to all base uses, and he says, "I will make reverence and inspiration to noble life out of that." He foresees in men, and in the most hopeless and worst forms of life in men, the possibility of divine ends. Blessed is the man, blessed the woman, who gets some little glimpse of God's vision of hope, and works for the poor and the outcast, never discouraged, because they see what God sees in humanity.

Having seen this possibility, God determines something. Having foreseen a possibility, he forms a purpose to realize it. It seems to me that in reading this text many of us have stopped with the word "predestinate"—"whom he did foreknow, he did predestinate." What did he predestinate? "Whom he did foreknow, he did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be firstborn among many brethren." I rejoice in that predestination. If my becoming Christlike depends on this, that I have planned it, I will give up life; but if my hope that I may by and by become like Christ rests on this, that God has planned it, I will not give it up! That is Paul's predestination. He has seen in you, he has seen in me, the possibility of being made into a being something like Christ, and, having seen it, he says, "I will transform him; I will accomplish by my work in him that which I see can be accomplished by my work in him." It is a great thing when a man comes to get a glimmer of God's plan for him, and then to plan for himself that which God plans for him. The greatest cause of unhappiness in life lies in this: that we and God are continually working at cross-purposes. God means one thing for a man, and he means another thing for himself; and when a man means for himself something that God does not mean, he is going to have a hard time. Clay in the hands of a potter, said Jeremiah. Oh, how easy God's work would be if we only were clay in the hands of a potter! The clay is plastic, and the potter can do with it what he will; but suppose it were endowed with a soul, and when the potter put it on the table and said, "I am going to make a pitcher," the clay were to say, "No, but I will be a plate," and when the potter began his work, the clay began to alter it. This is what we do in the hands of God. If, when the leader gathers his orchestra before him and says, "We will play such a symphony of Beethoven's," the flute should say, "No, I do not want to play that, I am going to play Schumann;" and the oboe should say, "I will play Wagner;" and some of the violins should say, "We will play Weber;" and some of them should say, "We are going to play Strauss;" and, when the leader gives the signal, they should play each what pleased him, what kind of

music should we have? The kind of harmony we get in life. We ask, not what God will do with us, but what we will do with ourselves. When you pray, what do you pray for? Do you pray that your will may be conformed to God's will, or that his will may be conformed to yours? Do you pray that God will help you in his business, or do you pray that God will help you in your business? Do not you see the difference? We work at cross-purposes, and so we spoil the web of life.

Now Paul has hinted here what is God's great purpose. The great, the divine, end of life, he says, is this: "I have put you in life that out of such men and women as you are you may make men and women imaged after Christ; what I have seen in you is the possibility of divinity; what I have purposed for you is the fulfillment of divinity; and I am going on with this work until, one after another, you shall have been made in the image of Christ, and he shall stand, not a solitary figure in human history, but a first-born among many brethren. Always first-born! but still a first-born among many brethren, like him, sharing his lineaments, made in his image. Oh, if we could get this conception of life! But we work at cross-purposes. We ask for ourselves and for our children that we may have wealth, and God says, "I am trying to conform him to one who had not where to lay his head." We ask for ourselves, and we ask for our children, tearless lives and joyous, and God says, "I am trying to conform him to one who was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." We ask for ourselves a good name, that no one shall speak ill of us, that all men shall applaud us, and God says, "I am trying to conform him to one who was despised and rejected of men." We are laboring for what we call success, and God says, "I would conform him to one whose splendid victory was founded on what seemed to be the most tragic defeat in human history."

What God sees in us is the possibility of a divine manhood. What God determines for us is to work out in us that divine manhood. And, having foreseen and having determined—these might be called pre-natal influences of a human soul—He calls and then we are born. For the man is really born when he hears God's call and begins to answer it; up to that time his real life has not begun. "Whom he foreknew, and whom he did predestinate, them he also called." And He called them because they were to have a part and a share in this work. He called them, in the first place, to a larger and a diviner life. He called this soul to life, as the sun calls the seed to life when it shines upon the place where the seed lies buried, and the seed, answering the summons, breaks from its husk and begins to push its way up into a glory it knows not of. He calls this soul, as a teacher sometimes calls a favorite pupil, looking upon the boy or girl and saying, "I see in you, girl, the possibilities of such a character; I see in you, boy, the possibilities of such a destiny; what can I do to work it out?" And he begins to plant the seeds of hope and to inspire noble ambition in the pupil before him. For this, after all, is the sublime function of a teacher. It is not to pour a certain amount of knowledge into the pupil; it is to inspire the pupil with a new ambition, by calling him to a new life, a new and divine service. For the most part, we sit at a loom, and the shuttle plays back and forth, and we do not know what we are weaving. Blessed is the man who understands the pattern of human life and adjusts the threads according to that divine pattern; who has heard the call of God, and is attempting to work out his own life in answer to the divine invitation. Every aspiration in the heart is a call of God. Every dissatisfaction with the past is a call of God. Every voice that sounds in your ears from preacher or from friend, stirring some impulse to a noble life, is a call of God. Every heroic life lived alongside of you, which makes you sometimes ashamed of yourself and sometimes long to be a better man or better woman, is a call of God. Every heroic figure in human history inspiring to nobler achievements and grander deeds is a call of God. And, most of all, the secret, uninterpreted, uninterpretable emotions of your own soul, like the flutterings of a bird before it is fledged and dares launch out upon the atmosphere, are calls of God.

He is calling you to a better life, and he is calling you to a higher service. He is calling you as he called Moses, as he called David and Isaiah, and Paul and Luther, and Washington and Lincoln. He has something for you to do. You may have your share in the world's redemption, and to this it is he summons you. There is no more reason why a minister should be asked about his call to the ministry than a lawyer about his call to the law, or a doctor about his call to medicine, or a merchant about his call to the mercantile profession. Every man is called of God to some service. All life is divine. God calls the lawyer, saying to him, "I want justice in this world; to secure it is what you are set to do;" he calls the merchant, saying to him, "There are goods to be distributed, hungry to be fed, naked to be clothed; you are a distributor of the world's wealth—that is what I call you to do;" he calls the politician, saying to him, "I want a government whose foundations shall be like the foundations of my own—everywhere judgment and justice: to accomplish this is what I call you to do." And the lawyer, perhaps, says, "Justice is very well, but I want my fee;" and the merchant says, "Distribution of wealth is very well, but I want my profits;" and the politician says, "Justice and judgment are very good ideals for the future, but I have some friends for whom I want places when this election is over." Blessed the man who hears the call, receives it, responds to it, and enters on the service to which he is thus called in the spirit with which he is then inspired. "Whom he called, them he also justified"—what does that mean? The word justified is best rendered by an old English word now nearly obsolete—rightened. Whom he called, them he also prepared; that is the meaning—prepared by bringing them to himself; prepared by taking out all obstacles between himself and them; prepared by forgiving their iniquity and inspiring them with a new life, but also prepared by the whole ministry and education and discipline of life. The United States Government calls a boy to the army through some friend, saying to him, "Would you like to go into the army and serve your country?" The boy replies, "Yes, I would like to, but I am not fitted." "We know you are not fitted, but we have established at West Point a school for the purpose of fitting you; if you want to go into the army and serve your country, you can go to West Point, and we will prepare you for the work you are to do." That is what God does. He says, "Do you want to serve me?" "Yes, I would like to serve you, Lord, but I am not fit." He says, "No, I know you are not fit, but I will fit you; I have called you, now I will justify you—that is, I will prepare you." He called Moses. Moses said, "I cannot; I am not eloquent; you would better get Aaron." The Lord said, "I know whom I am calling, and I will be a voice to you, and will fit you for all the eloquence I want of you." He called Paul, and Paul said, "Do not send me to the heathen, Lord: I am not the one to send to the heathen; you want to send me to Jerusalem, to the Pharisees, who know me; I can work a great deal better in Jerusalem than among the heathen." The Lord said, "You are not to work at Jerusalem, you are to work among the heathen; I will fit you for it, I will prepare you, I will make you ready." He called Jeremiah, and Jeremiah said, "I am a mere child;" but the Lord said, "I can fit a child to bear my message." Whom he calls, he prepares. It is astonishing how he makes the very things which seem obstacles to be the instruments of success in service; how, when a man has been a drunkard and known delirium tremens, he calls him—a John B. Gough—to be the apostle of temperance in two continents, and makes his very experience of drunkenness equip him for a temperance campaign; how, when he wants delivered in this country the message that God is love, not law—or, rather, that all law is love and all love is law—he takes the son of a Puritan father, bred in an atmosphere of Puritanism, under a father one of whose greatest sermons is "The Bible God's Book of Laws," and sets him to preaching "God is love;" how, when he wants to summon Europe out from its monasteries and convents and call it to the freedom of spiritual life, he calls a monk to do it, and makes the very monastic experi-

ence the preparation for the preaching of the Gospel of Christ; how, when he wants to take that Gospel and carry it to the very lowest strata of society in Great Britain, he calls to the High Churchman, John Wesley, and says, "You are the man," and makes the very High Church training of his early days help to fit him for the Methodist service which the High Church sets itself to destroy if it can. You do not know what God can prepare you for. Do you suppose Abraham Lincoln, when he was splitting rails, thought that he could be emancipation President of the United States? You are wanted to teach in the Sunday-school. You say that you cannot. How do you know? You never have tried. You cannot tell what you and God can do together until you make the experiment. God will prepare you for whatever service God calls you to. The rule of life—I will not say there are no exceptions—is this: Let other men determine your abilities, and when the call comes, come how and as it will, if it is a call to beneficent service, do not be afraid to enter upon it because you think you are not competent. Service makes men competent.

"Whom he justified, he glorified." This is the climax in the divine life. He glorified him while still on earth. This sainted man, who saw a little what God saw, purposed a little what God purposed, heard God's call, trusted God's preparation, what a glorious life this man has lived! What a splendid thing it is to live in this age of ours, and do something for God and for humanity! What a splendid thing to have lived here and left your home happier because you have lived in it, your neighborhood better because you have lived in it, your community richer and better equipped for time and eternity because you have served your age and your calling! It is glorification here and now, but this is only the beginning of a glorification. God has not foreseen this blossom in the bulb, and has not called on the bulb to break forth from its coffin, and has not surrounded it with sunshine and poured his rains and his dews upon it, only to leave two little leaves just above the soil to be nipped by the frost and die. God has not foreseen this possibility of a divine nature in this child; he has not predetermined that he will make a son of God of this boy; he has not called this grown man to enter his service and live for him; he has not, through all the discipline of life, prepared him for greater things and still greater things, only to let his life sink away and be snuffed out like a candle at the end. There is something beyond, something higher. You go into an artist's studio, and all about the walls are fragments of pictures, blotches of paint, suggestions of scenes, mere hints, and you say, "You call this man an artist?" but your friend replies, "You are only in his studio; these are only his sketches, these are his unfinished works; if you want to know what he means, you must go to the galleries where his finished pictures are gathered." This world is God's studio. There are sketches, blotches of color, hints and suggestions of what is to be, but the finished work is gone, it is not here, and when the picture is ready it is taken to a higher gallery and a nobler service. The best saint on earth is like a potted plant; when the roots get too great for the pot, and the gardener sees that the pot, which was intended to preserve it, is dwarfing and killing it, he breaks the pot and takes the plant out and transplants it.

To those everlasting gardens
Where seraphs walk and angels are the wardens.

Whom he did foresee, he did determine should be in the image of his Son; and whom he did determine, he called; and whom he called, he justified; and whom he justified, by death, he glorified. No! not by death, but through the gates of death—by the translucent atmosphere that lies beyond.

Oh, what a splendid life this is! To have God see in you a possibility that far transcends your highest hope and divinest ambition! To have God say, "I will make him like Christ!" To have God summon you to work with him in making you like Christ! To have God put forth all his power in preparing you for Christlikeness, and to have God finally translate you glorified by him, whose

work began before you were born, and was carried out all through the processes of life until your translation! How many of you is this spoken of? Who are thus God's elect? I will tell you. God sees this possibility in every one of you. How many see any such possibility in themselves? God determines this for every one of you. How many of you are making it your will and purpose? God calls you to this, every one of you, but other voices are calling. How many hear his call, and answer? How many hear other calls and are going in other directions? God is preparing you for what eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor it hath entered into the heart of the imagination of man to conceive. How many are working along his line and trying to prepare themselves for what he is preparing for you? Those who thus see and purpose and hear and answer are his elect. How terrible is death! How splendid is death! To have lived half a century or more upon this globe; to have lived and never seen in one's self anything more than an earthly creature; to have lived and never purposed anything diviner or better than an earthly life; to have lived and never heard a summons to a nobler hereafter; to have lived and never prepared one's self for divine service here or an immortal life hereafter; to have lived and gathered all the fruits of one's work in houses such as a boy builds on the seashore, and then see death like a tidal wave come in to sweep it all away; to have lived so that all which one has gathered will be taken away when death comes, and then to hear his knock at the door, and know that he has come as a thief to take all one has lived for—how terrible is death! And how splendid is death! To have seen this possibility in myself; to have seen in some measure what my God saw in me and for me; to have purposed for myself what he has purposed for me; to have pushed forward earnestly, and with determination, that I may be made in the image of God himself, to have heard his call and answered it; to have tried at least to work with him in preparing myself for that immortal and eternal future; to have ministered something to justice, to righteousness, to purity, to love, to truth; and then, at last, when the body begins to fail, to look with smiling face on dear friends and hear the sweet music of the other world, and know that father and mother and child are waiting on the other side; to look back all along the line of life and be able to say, I have tried to see what God saw, I have tried to will what God willed, I have tried to hear God's voice calling me, I have tried to work with him for his true ends, and then to hear the knock on the door, and to hear the voice of death saying this: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, enter into the joy prepared for you from the foundation of the world"—how splendid is it thus to live and thus to die!

The Eternal Comforter

Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.—Psalm cxlvii., 8.

Volcanic fires, shot from earth's bursting heart,
Rend her smooth round with many a ragged ridge;
Then grinding glaciers, rock from rock apart
Tearing, with ruin strew God's heritage.
But fire and ice, His plow and harrow, cease
Their deathlike work for life's beginning: Peace!
Speaks He to lava-floods, to frost-winds, Peace!
Then quickens tender grass the scars to hide
That seam the mountain's darkly furrowed side;
Bleak ruin smiles in joyous wealth of green;
Beauty transforms stark Desolation's scene.
Thus God His mourners ever doth restore,
And eyes in tears once drowned grow glad once more,
And hearts by troubles broken heal their sore.

J. M. W.

The true calling of a Christian is not to do extraordinary things, but to do ordinary things in an extraordinary way. The most trivial tasks can be accomplished in a noble, gentle, regal spirit, which overrides and puts aside all petty, paltry feelings, and which elevates all things.—Dean Stanley.

The Lavender Legs of the Dragon

By C. F. Holder

Lum Sing was the China boy of a certain rose-embowered home in Southern California. He was the cook, the gardener; he made marvelous kites, representing unheard-of animals of the air, for the two boys. In short, he attended to all the household duties, as a Chinaman can, and was highly esteemed by the entire household.

Lum had been in the family for several years, and, so far as known, was happy and contented; but one morning, to the amazement of all, he appeared dressed with more than ordinary splendor, with a long, shiny black bag in hand, evidently prepared for a journey. He wore silk trousers of a very peculiar lavender tint, pink silk stockings, a blue silk jacket, with round gold buttons, and an oval hat surmounted by a mandarin's button.

Lum was evidently not merely going away, but was bent upon some important mission, and for once, either purposely or otherwise, he failed to make himself understood, and the cause of his abrupt departure remained a mystery which the boys and their elders vainly endeavored to solve.

"You sabe dlagon?" he said. "Me heap leg dlagon. You sabe clentapede? Me alle same clentapede. Come back bime bye." This was all, and as the boys saw the lavender trousers disappear down the narrow street they concluded that Lum's mind must be affected, and that they had seen the last of their faithful servitor.

A gala time was approaching in Southern California—the annual fiesta of the City of the Angels. It was spring, the time of the flowers, though through the winter the country had been covered with wild varieties—poppies running over the fields and hillsides like flame; snowlike masses of forget-me-nots filling the air with fragrance; yellow violets, "baby blue eyes," and others fringing the fields of grain and waysides. The roses of the gardens seemed to make a special effort at this time, and so remarkable was the array that one of the days of the fiesta was to be given up to a display of flowers. The carriages and horses were to be decorated with them, and would pass in review before the queen of the fiesta, who would witness a battle of the roses. Another day was to be devoted to a revival of Spanish games and other pastimes, in which all nationalities were invited to participate.

Lum had been gone about a week when the fiesta of Los Angeles began, and the young people of the little cottage were preparing to go into the city for the day, regretting the absence of Lum, as the Chinese merchants had promised to participate in the parade and bring out all the gorgeous objects which they were known to possess, making an exhibit far more gorgeous than had ever before been seen in Los Angeles; but not a word had been received from the missing Chinaman. Mounted on a drag, they rode into the city early in the morning, the driver securing a position on a side street, where the boys could command an extended view of the line of march.

The city was crowded with a moving mass of humanity that filled the streets and sidewalks, housetops, overhanging balconies, and windows. The buildings were decorated with the fiesta colors—red, green, and gold—making a most brilliant spectacle, and a mass of vivid tints as far as the eye could reach in every direction.

The boys kept a sharp lookout for Lum, hoping to see him among the throng, as gayly dressed Chinamen, all in holiday attire, were conspicuous, while here and there were Chinese women shuffling along with their clumsy short feet, often deformed so that they could hardly walk, dragging wide-eyed children dressed in gorgeous garments covered with gold and filigree.

A shout from far up the street and the appearance of a cavalcade of mounted police announced that the procession had started. First came the troops, mounted and on foot; then Spanish cavaliers on prancing, dancing horses, rich with silver equipment; then Indians from Acoma and the famous cities of the plains of New Mexico, followed by wonderful floats, representing the wealth and productions of the land. Finally the boys heard the loud, discordant jangle of a Chinese band, and a few minutes later the

band itself moved past, perched in a gold pagoda, each musician playing as hard as possible and apparently with very little regard for the others. Following this were men on horseback, bearing magnificent banners—Chinamen of rank of the Six Companies; then suddenly there was a roar of sounds as a marvelous object came into view, a sight so striking that many Chinese children broke into cries of fright and even horses pricked up their ears and eyed the strange thing askance. First came a Chinaman, with fear depicted on his expressive countenance, waving his hands and arms, as though endeavoring to escape from the dragon directly behind him—a real gold, brass, and paper dragon, three hundred feet in length; its head in air, its scaled body stretching away in undulating folds far down the street. The head gleamed and glistened with metal scales heavily coated with gold. Its eyes were large and protruding, and about them, extending back, were numerous horns, while strange, gill-like frills were arranged about the cheeks. The mouth, as in all dragons, was enormous, provided with long tusks and colored red on the interior, and flowing from the chin was a long white beard that waved listlessly in the wind. The body was made up of metal plates or scales covered with gold leaf, and all along the back were fins of gold like those of a fish.

The dragon was borne upon the heads of several hundred Chinamen, a colored cloth, depending from the sides, concealing all but their legs. Every few blocks the Chinamen would become exhausted with the heavy burden and the heat, and a halt would be called, when at the command of the guards of the dragon, who preceded it with gold staves, it would go through a grotesque performance. Its enormous eyes would roll hideously, its mouth open, showing the sharp teeth, and a forked tongue, after the most approved dragon fashion, would dart out, while the body, all down the line from head to tail, would wriggle and writhe in an alarming manner. The Chinaman at the head would renew his frantic efforts to escape, while five others who held the tail by ropes would pretend to drag it back, expressing great fear that it would escape and devour the unfortunate Chinaman at the head—every such exhibition bringing out loud applause from the crowds of Chinamen along the street.

It so happened that the dragon stopped to rest directly in front of the drag containing the boys, and after the performance described the yellow hanging on the side was lifted here and there, and very hot and weary Chinamen looked out, fanning themselves vigorously, giving a ludicrous and helpless appearance to the dragon.

The boys were eagerly watching the long, glistening figure, when suddenly one of them exclaimed, "I do believe there is Lum! See those lavender trousers just under the fin!"

"If it's Lum," said his brother Marshall, "he will know my whistle," and forthwith he gave a peculiar whistle, so shrill that it might have attracted the attention of the dragon itself. No sooner was it uttered than the man in the lavender trousers lifted the yellow skirt of the dragon, displaying the good-natured face of Lum Sing, who, with a grin of delight, recognized the boys with a wave of his fan, and then said something to a Chinaman near by in the crowd, who forthwith pushed his way to the drag.

"What does he say?" asked Marshall, leaning down.

"He say, heap hot. He come home to-night," replied the smiling messenger.

And so the mysterious disappearance of Lum was explained. He represented two of the legs of the dragon; and later on, after he had returned to the cottage, the boys learned that he had been one of a secret party to go three or four hundred miles up into the northern part of the State to bring down the dragon for the fiesta.

Lum was evidently very much pleased at having been deputed to go on the mission, as the dragon is an important figure in all the Chinese rites, and was not intended simply as an exhibition, but, according to Lum, was kept in a certain place and watched by one man all the time, and when evil spirits became too plentiful, or times too hard, the dragon was taken out and paraded through the streets to drive away the evil influences.

Lum was very proud of his experience, but when the boys asked him if he was going to be the legs next year, he shook his head. "Too much leg; alle same clentapede. Dragon heap hot."



An Adventure in the War of 1812

By Francis S. Palmer

In the autumn of 1814 the settlers in northern Vermont were disturbed by fears of trouble with the English troops and sympathizers across the line in Canada. Early in September Sir George Prevost made his unsuccessful attempt to march southward through New York, and the borderland was still infested by bands of Indians and Canadian scouts who had been attached to Prevost's army.

One afternoon, late in October, George Osgood, a boy of sixteen, left a village that lay about five miles south of the line in Vermont, and started northward into the woods that stretched away to the St. Lawrence River. He carried a light rifle, and through his belt was thrust a hatchet, such as was used by Canadian trappers; he intended to visit a line of traps set in a long semicircle through the woods to the north. These traps were mostly set for the pine marten, or American sable, but there were a few large iron traps set for bigger game; it was his habit to visit them once in two days.

His frank, boyish face, as he walked along, wore a perplexed and troubled expression. About a year before, George Osgood, his mother, and younger sister had come to their present home in Vermont from a town on the Massachusetts coast. Until within a few weeks the little family had been treated kindly enough by the villagers, but now they were everywhere received with unfriendly glances. This change was not hard to explain. News had reached the Vermont village that Mrs. Osgood's husband took part in the agitations hostile to the war party, so called, by which the seafaring people of New England protested against a war they thought unnecessary, and sure to interfere with the fishing and commerce in which they were engaged. The husband, it was rumored, had been a leader in the agitations, and, in fact, had lost his life in one of these anti-war raids. The patriotic Vermonters looked upon such conduct as disloyal in the extreme, and, being a somewhat stern people, they now had little friendliness to offer to the widow and children of a man they considered almost a traitor.

As George walked on through the woods he thought more of these family troubles than of the traps he was going to visit; for, since his father's death, he had come to feel himself in most matters the head of the little family.

"It is unfair of them to treat us as if we were Tories," he said to himself; "though my father thought the war foolish, if he had lived he would fight as hard as anybody, now that we are in it. I am no more a Tory than any boy born here in Vermont."

When he reached his first trap he found it empty. In the second one lay a sable, from which he quickly took the beautiful, yellowish-brown pelt. The next trap was a large iron one which had been set in the rocky ravine where he had found signs of bear. As he neared the spot he saw there had been a disturbance; the bed of leaves where the trap had been set was torn away, and the trap itself was gone.

A trap set for large game is rarely rigidly fastened, for in that case the animal would be apt to tear itself from the trap in its frantic efforts to escape; a clog, usually a small log, is fastened to the trap's chain, and this retards the trapped animal so that it can be trailed and captured. George had followed this rule in the present instance, and he did not expect to have much trouble in finding his game. Moving as rapidly as he could, he hurried forward, keeping his rifle in readiness, and thinking every moment to come up with the bear. For an hour he kept on; the trail was plain, but there was no sign of the bear. It was evident that the animal had been caught the night before the last, and had had a long start. George was plodding along, beginning to think he should have to give up the chase, for it was late afternoon, and he knew that he must be north of the Canada border, when of a sudden there was a commotion in the bushes in front of him, and he got a glimpse of a large animal galloping away. He raised his rifle and fired; the bear turned and snarled, showing that the bullet had not gone astray. Loading his muzzle-loading rifle as quickly as he could, George hurried after.

His attention was preoccupied with the bear, and the first intimation that he had that anybody was near was a shout that came from the bushes just ahead of him: "Get out of the way, Antoine! the beast's wounded!"

Antoine's reply, if he made any, was lost in the crack of a rifle. "Stop! stop!" exclaimed the same voice that had spoken

before. "Pierre, don't you remember it's against orders to fire! Do you want to let every Yankee know that we are here? Antoine could have got out of the way easy enough."

George, who had crouched down in the bushes, saw a swarthy young fellow, dressed in the deerskin suit of a Canadian ranger, step out from behind a tree; he held a smoking rifle in his hand and hastened to reload it.

"Eet ees too bad, Monsieur the Captain," he said, carelessly; "but I tought de bear jump on Antoine, an' I forget all about de orders you give."

He had finished the reloading of his rifle; now, holding it in readiness across the hollow of his arm, he walked toward where George lay hid, and in a moment he saw the crouching figure. "Ah, I t'ought I 'eard somet'ing!" he said, and his rifle flew to his shoulder.

George saw it was foolish to make any resistance; dropping his rifle, he stood up, holding up his empty hands as a sign of surrender.

Several other men, who had been hidden by the bushes and tree-trunks, now came forward. They all wore deerskin suits like that of Pierre, and all save one spoke French or the broken English of the Habitant. The one who was an exception spoke good English, and wore his hunting-shirt awkwardly, as if not accustomed to it; the others addressed him as "Captain," and it was evident to George that he was a young English officer who had been put in command of a company of Canadians.

"Now that he's seen us, it won't do to let him give the alarm. We must take him along with us. Take his rifle and hatchet away from him, and bring him along. Pierre and Antoine, keep him between you."

The Captain's orders were quickly obeyed, and soon George found himself hurrying through the woods southward. The two Canadians, between whom he walked, spoke to each other in French; during his life on the seaboard George had come in contact with French sailors and fishermen, and he knew something of the language.

"Some captains," said Pierre, "would have tied the lad to a tree and left him, or fired a bullet into his head. I wonder what we'll do with him when we reach the ponies."

"Well, 'tis bad luck to have happened upon him," returned Antoine. "I trust we may look again upon the river of the good Saint Lawrence." He crossed himself piously before continuing; "I would we were safe at home at Berthier!"

From these words and others that were said, George learned that it was their purpose to raid the village in which he and his mother were living. Many of the men were away in the trained bands that were being drilled at Burlington, and it would not be difficult for a hundred well-armed rangers to sweep into the town, pillage and burn it.

The October twilight was beginning to darken the wood when they came upon a rough road that led through the forest; they had followed this only a short distance when they heard the neighing of horses, and soon saw a herd of Canadian ponies that several men dressed like ordinary farm hands were guarding. This meeting seemed to be expected, and soon each ranger had taken possession of a pony; each one had carried, fastened in his belt, a light bridle, and, slipping these over the ponies' heads, the men leaped on their backs, not seeming to notice the lack of saddles. George thought it likely that the men—to escape suspicion—had come through the deep woods, while the horses had been driven around by the road as if they were an ordinary herd being taken to a sale.

"Antoine," said the Captain, "take the boy up behind you; you've got a strong pony there and you're a light weight. If he tries to escape, put a bullet into him; it would be all our lives are worth to have an alarm given."

As they trotted along through the narrow wood road in the gathering darkness, George, sitting behind Antoine, managed to get on friendly terms with him; the young Canadian talked freely, for he knew his prisoner could not leap to the ground and escape a bullet from his rifle or that of Pierre, who rode just behind him. George's hands were tied together in front of him and the ends of the cord slipped through the back of Antoine's belt and tied.

"How hard it is to ride without a saddle! I wish my hands were free that I might ease myself."

"Eet mus' be 'ard if you're not used to ride so; 'an this road is very rough," said Antoine, sympathetically. "But I cannot untie your hands; I wish I could do so."

"Well, do this much; don't say anything while I try myself to get my hands free; I really can't stand this any longer."

"Try to untie de cord, if you like," said the other; "only remember dat we mus' shoot if you try to get away—and Pierre, ridin' behind dere, hee's a good shot, even w'en eet ees so dark dat other people don't see."

George went to work with a will, and his seacoast training now stood him in good stead; he had there spent much time

with the sailors on their ships, and had become expert in tying and untying ropes. In a few minutes he had managed to free his hands. It was now so late that it was quite dark, especially in the woods. They were going through a forest of evergreens, where giant spruce-trees and hemlocks towered above the path, some of their branches sweeping so low that the riders had to duck their heads as they went under them.

George kept up a lively conversation with Antoine, but at the same time his thoughts were busy trying to devise means of escape. Finally the low boughs of the dark, thick-branching evergreens suggested a plan. It was dangerous, for Pierre's rifle and keen eye must be counted on, and also the rifle of Antoine and the others; but the hope of saving the village made him willing to try the risk, and he eagerly awaited an opportunity.

Soon it came. The long column of riders filed under the low branches of several large spruce-trees that grew close together; Pierre brought up the rear of the column, just before him being Antoine. As they were moving under the broad-spreading branches, ducking their heads to avoid them, George caught hold of a big branch, swung himself into the tree, and scrambled into the mass of dark foliage with all the agility that came of his early training in the rigging of ships. He was quick as a flash, but Pierre's eye was quicker, and the boy had hardly swung into the tree when a rifle flashed. Perhaps Pierre was too quick, for the bullet went a trifle wide of the mark, and as it whistled by only singed the arm of George's jacket. The flash showed the escaping boy clearly to Antoine, and if he had fired at once he would doubtless have hit him. But the young Canadian had taken a liking to George; he pretended to fumble his rifle, and when he did fire, he aimed several yards from where he knew the boy must be.

There was much confusion below the big spruces. On hearing the firing the rangers had turned back; their ponies soon were packed in the narrow wood-road, and George (who had scrambled quickly along the interweaving branches of the trees until he was now in a spruce that stood some yards from the road) could hear the loud and angry voice of the Captain.

"You've made a fine bungle of it, Antoine! Napoleon shoots a man for less! However, don't do any more firing; there must be no more noise, and we've no time to waste in hunting for him. Let the young rascal go! It's only about five miles to the village and a nearly straight road: if we ride quickly there's no chance of his being able to warn the people there. But there must be no more delays."

George heard the troop ride off, evidently moving at a faster gait. He waited a moment, and then, instead of sliding to the ground, began rapidly to climb higher in the tall spruce; soon he was above the wood, and, as it was less dark there than beneath the trees, he could get a fairly good view of the landscape. He saw that he was not far from the edge of the forest; in the fields beyond stood a farm-house, with barns surrounding it. He looked earnestly at this house, as if he recognized it. It seemed to give him an idea, for he made his way quickly to the ground and hurried through the woods. He was not long in reaching their edge; a few minutes more brought him to the farm-house. He knocked loudly on the kitchen door. A man of fifty, who had the appearance of a rich farmer, opened it.

"Oh, Squire Bradley!" cried George, "I was so glad when I saw 'twas your house! I want your brown Morgan mare. You remember me, don't you?—over at the village—widow Osgood's boy."

"Yes, I think I remember you. But set down, boy, an' stop puffin', an' tell me what you mean by sayin' you want the mare; though you're not the only one, for there's not a bit of horseflesh in Vermont that can beat her at trottin' or runnin'!"

"That's why I must have her—and at once, too. A troop of Canadians are riding to attack the village, and I must get there before them. You remember 'twas I rode Judge Howard's horse in the running race at Rutland Fair last August, when your mare won."

"I remember, an' I said 'twasn't your fault the Judge's horse didn't win. You learned to ride well down there in Massachusetts."

"Will you let me have the mare to warn the village? There's no time to lose, but I think I can do it."

"If I was sure 'tis so, I'd risk hurtin' the mare. Of course you've heard what folks say about you an' your family."

George flushed hotly. "Yes, I have heard, and that's why I'm so anxious to show there's no Tory in me—or in any of us—and there never was, either!"

"Well, I'm goin' to trust you, anyway. I've liked what I've seen of you, and you don't look as if you were lyin' now. Come out to the barn."

In five minutes George was on the back of the Morgan mare, riding rapidly along Squire Bradley's road that led to the highway a mile beyond. The mare hurried forward, her gait being

the quick, springy gallop that was natural to the Morgan breed before they were trained to be exclusively trotters. George saved a mile by cutting across a field and striking the highway at a point nearer the village. In his native town on the coast running races were held, like those in England, and he, being naturally fond of horses, had learned to ride and to jump hurdles; now he found no trouble in crossing the rough fields and in jumping the mare over any obstructions that were in the way.

For fifteen miles they had flown on through the starlight night. The good mare was beginning to show the effects of the swift pace; the boy's every sense was strained to unusual alertness; yet he could not see far into the darkness, and the clatter of the mare's hoofs on the stony road drowned all other sounds. Finally, from the summit of a little hill, he saw some glittering lights that must be the village, and he drew rein for a moment and listened. Before him on the road he could hear the sound of hoofs—the light gallop of Canadian ponies.

The village could not be more than a mile and a half away, and though he knew he could overtake the riders, there seemed to be no hope of passing them by making a detour through the fields. He galloped on, trying to think of some way of warning the villagers.

Soon he was heard, and the troop of Canadians halted. "Who's there?" cried one.

"Are these the Rangers?" he demanded in return. "I thought they must be. Thank fortune, it is not too late! I bring a message from the General at Montreal to your Captain. Take me to him, quick. It is most important!" As he spoke, George pushed his way toward the front of the column, where he rightly guessed the young Captain would be.

The Canadians let him pass to the front; one of them kept by his side.

"Who are you?" said the Captain.

"A messenger sent by the General to overtake you. Your command must return at once."

The Canadian who had kept close by the boy's side whispered to the Captain. George noticed to his dismay that this Canadian was the sharp-eyed Pierre.

"So it is!" exclaimed the Captain. "Seize him!"

George struck the mare a quick blow with his hand and shook the reins; she sprang forward, almost overturning the Captain on his little pony. There was now a clear road to the village!

"Stop him!" cried the Captain, "stop him!" Ride after him! Shoot! shoot! if there's no other way of stopping him."

Shots were fired, but all were in motion, and in the darkness no aim was true. Bullets whistled uncomfortably near, but George and the mare flew on untouched.

"Here, Pierre!" cried the Captain, "take my rifle; dismount; aim carefully, and bring him down. I know you can do it!"

Hardly a moment had passed before Pierre fired. George felt a shock like a bullet against his right leg; at the same instant the mare snorted and leaped high in the air.

"His horse is hit," exclaimed the Captain, "Come on, men, now we've got him. Don't fire again unless it's necessary."

George had nearly been unseated by the mare's frightened leaps, but in a moment he had succeeded in steadying her, and again they were rushing on toward the village, now only half a mile away.

Of a sudden he grew very faint and realized that the wound in his leg was bleeding freely. After that he didn't remember very distinctly what happened. He only recalled dimly that a host of men with muskets suddenly appeared around him; then that they as suddenly disappeared, while he flew on again, pursued by the sound of the hoofs of the rushing ponies. Then this sound was drowned in a terrible uproar of shouting and firing.

It was late in the morning of the next day when he recovered consciousness; he was lying in his own bed and his mother was bending over him. Several men were in the room, moving quietly and speaking in whispers; one of them he saw was Squire Bradley.

"What's happened?" he said, his voice sounding strangely weak.

"This has happened," answered the Squire, coming to the bedside. "A hundred Canadian Rangers followed you right into a regiment of our militia that were marching east from Burlington an' were campin' for the night near the village. Every Ranger was captured."

"Was the mare hurt?" asked George, the events of the night slowly coming back to him.

"Not to speak of. The bullet that hit your leg just creased her side. An', George, the men of the village want me to thank you for them, an' to say they won't forget last night. This mornin' there wouldn't be much village left but for you. Your hurt's only a flesh wound an' not dangerous, but you're weak from losin' blood; an' now the doctor here says that I've talked

enough to you, an' that we must all get out an' leave you alone—but I thought you'd rest more easy if you knew it had come out all right."



Riddles and Puzzles

By Anne M. Prett

I.—RIDDLE

The upper and the lower,
The first and second rows,
A hint of hearty laughter,
A sign of many woes.

II.—CHARADE

A chattering bird, a spreading tree,
And a fraction of New England add,
To make the time of jubilee,
When all the world is glad.

III.—CHARADE

My first may name a little maid of ten;
My first and second, too, an honored man;
My third, though oft distorted, yet may be
What makes a wholesome food for you and me:
My whole's a secret he may guess who can.

IV.—SHAKESPEAREAN PUZZLE

Lowliness is young — ladder
Whereto the climber upward turns his face.

A king of shreds and —.

I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon,
Than such a —.

— Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

Love thyself —; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Supply the blanks in the above quotations; the initials of the missing words will spell the omitted word in the following quotation:

When proud pied —, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.

V.—PUZZLES

I grow in a foreign land, and am found in the wheat throughout the United States.

Many like to drink me, and, though harmless, I belong to the intoxicating bottle.

I may be weak and at the same time a part of your strength.

I may be strong, though the breath of an infant holds me.

I am often colored, and am always in every white object.

I am in the trunks of trees, and many, many leaves are mine.

VI.—PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA

I cannot 1 2 3 4 3 4 5 6 comfortably if my 1 2 3 4 5 is not in good condition, though I have ten servants in 1 2 3 4 5 6.

Enigma

By Mrs. Ida E. Bowers

We are a company, in number eight,
With a fine little Captain to keep us straight;
We sit on high, in a place of renown,
And each wears a handsome black silk gown;
Our chief is a die, but he's far from dead;
Another names a dye, which is not red;
One is a very fine, broad, open space;
Then two other colors must have their place;
The first part of one names a kind of cloth,
The second part an article, which never has moth;
There's also good wine of a certain kind,
Which, you will soon learn, it is hard to find.
A mixer's among us, to give us a treat,
And a fourth of a bushel of very good meat.
Now, who we all are you surely must find,
Or the folks at the Capital will think it unkind.



Books and Authors

The International Critical Commentary¹

Four volumes of this commentary are now before the public. They are sufficient to give an adequate indication of the character of the entire work, and they fulfill the expectations covered by the announcement of the names of the eminent scholars engaged in this undertaking. The new criticism differs in its conception of the Bible from the old orthodoxy, not in matters of minor detail, not in any such wholly insignificant questions as to whether there are any errors in the Bible, or the still more insignificant and immaterial question whether there were errors in the original autographs. The point of view is entirely different. In the opinion of the old orthodoxy the Bible was a non-natural work, unique not merely in its spirit and its effects, but also in its structure, contents, and the canons of its interpretation. It had its own rules of interpretation. Biblical exegesis was something entirely different from literary criticism. The modern criticism looks upon the Bible as a Hebrew anthology. It contains law, poetry, fiction, legend, folk-lore, drama, apothegms, preaching, biography—nearly every type of literature. It is to be interpreted by the same canons by which other literature is to be interpreted. The questions of date and authorship are to be investigated and determined by the same processes. There is no assumption of infallibility or inspiration to precede, dogmatically, the study of these books. They are to be studied as other ancient literature is studied. And the degree of fallibility or accuracy and the quality of genius or inspiration are to be determined by such study—not presupposed as a condition precedent to the study. It is in this spirit that this International Commentary is prepared. These commentaries are the results of such an independent study. There are no presuppositions. The Outlook has already dealt at length with the volume on Deuteronomy, which treats that book as a composition by an unknown prophet in or about the time of Josiah, who embodied a revival of Mosaism in the form of a report of the farewell address of Moses. We here group together the other three volumes now published, simply saying enough respecting each to illustrate the method in which they employ the new criticism in interpretation. It is scarcely necessary to add that, whether we agree in details with the authors of these commentaries or not, we heartily agree in their general point of view. The Bible is to be studied as literature; Biblical exegesis is not to differ from literary criticism; in the critical study of the Bible there are to be no presuppositions; its character is to be determined by an impartial study of its contents, not the study of its contents limited or determined by dogmatic theories as to its character.

Professor George F. Moore brings to the interpretation of the Book of Judges three qualities which combine to equip him in an eminent degree for such a work—minute and exact scholarship, a free and unprejudiced spirit of inquiry, and a philosophical temper. The first secures accuracy in testing the meaning of the text; the second, a capacity to consider and weigh all hypotheses that present themselves for examination; the third, an interesting and fruitful synthesis of data in the results presented. The first alone would give a dry and technical criticism; the second, interesting opinions, but no conclusions; the third, untested generalizations. Professor Moore's generalizations are all founded on careful and apparently impartial scholarship. Professor Moore has done wisely to separate his minute criticism from the results to which it has led him. Most students will accept these results without following out for themselves the processes which have led to them, but will do so with the greater confidence because the critical processes are ready at hand for their scrutiny. He divides the book into three sections, by different authors: the first (chapters i.—ii., 5) giving a brief account of the conquests and settlement of the Israelite Tribes in Canaan; the second (chapters ii., 6—xvi., 31) giving the history of Israel in the days of the Judges; the third (chapters xvii.—xxi.) giving two additional stories. The middle portion "constitutes the body of the work, to which alone the title of the Book of Judges in strictness applies." "These chapters can hardly have been written before the beginning of the sixth century B.C." They were written by some unknown prophet to enforce the lesson that God punishes apostasy from him and rewards fidelity, that Israel's history is a divine discipline, that "Yahweh's anger as well as his favor is moral, and that there-

fore his dealing with his people is to be understood upon moral premises," a principle "first distinctly taught by the prophets of the eighth century." Professor Moore traces the sources of this narrative, but in this analysis, with wise moderation, refuses to be dogmatic. He seems to us to show a true discrimination in distinguishing hypothesis from certitude, in which respect he is more truly scholarly than some of the German critics. It is clear, however, that, on the one hand, the author of the Book of Judges did not write these stories himself, but took them from older sources, and, on the other hand, that he was not a mere compiler, but a true author. It is now impossible to determine how far these stories are historically trustworthy. To a considerable extent they belong in the category of folk-lore. Whether, for example, Samson caught three hundred foxes—not probable, since their habits are solitary—or jackals, who are gregarious, when he tied torches to their tails and set them loose to burn the Philistines' grain-fields, "is of importance only to those who take the story as a veracious account of an actual occurrence. They (the apologetic critics who have suggested the jackals) should consider, however, whether the author would thank them for their attempts to make Samson's wonderful performance easy." The critic who identifies truth with fact will look upon this commentary as exceedingly dangerous; he who believes that folk-lore may be made the vehicle of religious instruction will find it full of valuable suggestion, supported by great erudition.

The Gospel of Mark affords less opportunity for originality of treatment than perhaps any other book in the Bible. It is the shortest and simplest of the four Gospels, contains less of Christ's teaching than either of the others, is more simply and purely a biography. There is, therefore, less occasion for the interpreter, since incident affords less opportunity than teaching for variation of understanding and the play of the commentator's own personality. Dr. Gould accepts, as established by criticism, the opinion that Mark is the earliest Gospel and contains matter which is the basis of Matthew and Luke. He gives good, if not entirely conclusive, reasons for the rejection of the alternative theory that the three synoptists made use of a common oral tradition, and that this sufficiently accounts for their common matter. Both theories have their difficulties, and we are not so clear as Dr. Gould is that the theory that Matthew and Luke are composed of the Mark narrative with *logia* added satisfies all the conditions. Dr. Gould accepts the miracles; apparently regards the death of Christ efficacious as a sacrifice only as it inspires his followers to a similar spirit of self-abnegation; repudiates the interpretation of Mark xiii. which makes it prophetic of a Second Coming yet to be fulfilled; gives a literary and poetic, not a literal and sacramentarian, interpretation to Christ's words at the Last Supper; in brief, follows, in the main, the lines of orthodox Protestant interpretation, and where they differ adopts the views of the newer rather than of the older school. His analysis of the Gospel in his Introduction is an admirable piece of work, but might have been made somewhat fuller to advantage. The reader feels that Dr. Gould has written this portion of his work under self-imposed limitations which have hampered him.

The Commentary on Romans, by Dr. Sanday and Mr. Headlam, occupies, as one might anticipate from Dr. Sanday's reputation, a position intermediate between the scholastic or mediæval and the subjective or modern. It is certainly not too modern. To it might be appropriately applied the epithet "safe." Its scholarship is minute, exact, and, so far as we have been able to verify it, altogether trustworthy. The range of authorities consulted and referred to is large. But we do not see that it adds very much to what has already been given to the Church by such commentators as Meyer, Alford, and Godet. Its point of view is not widely different. Its insight is not notably greater. It appears to lack, as nearly all commentaries on Paul do lack, imagination. While we are far from accepting Matthew Arnold's monograph on "St. Paul and Protestantism" as a "safe" interpreter of the great Apostle, there is a literary perception in that unpretending little treatise which we rarely, if ever, find in the commentaries. St. Paul was more a poet than a philosopher—perhaps might be designated by a combination as the poet-philosopher of the Bible. The analysis of his writings should be dramatic rather than metaphysical. Henry Ward Beecher, in an unpublished MS. on the seventh of Romans—unpublished except as it was printed in The Outlook at the time of Mr. Beecher's death—has, to our thinking, thrown more light on that marvelous original of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde than any merely philosophical analysis ever has or ever can throw upon it. From the metaphysician's point of view it may be true that by Paul's doctrine of justification by faith "the Christian life may be said to have its beginning in a fiction." But if so, it is a fiction which contains and reveals a profound

¹ *The International Critical Commentary on the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments.* Under the editorship of the Rev. Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D., of Union Theological Seminary, New York; the Rev. Samuel Rolles Driver, D.D., of Oxford, England; and the Rev. Edward Plummer, D.D., of University College, Durham. *Deuteronomy*, by S. R. Driver; *Judges*, by George F. Moore; *Mark*, by E. P. Gould; *Romans*, by William Sanday and A. C. Headlam. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50 each.

truth: the truth that character is rightly measured by the purpose, not by the performance, and therefore the moment the soul chooses righteousness and lays hold on Him in whom is the secret of righteousness, it is righteous—righteous in the center and citadel of its being—as the plant has life when it responds to the sunshine and sprouts. "This is no fiction, whatever the metaphysician may call it; it is the central truth of all moral life. And this truth is something more than forensic. So, again, faith is neither fidelity nor belief, though it might possibly be described as fidelity to belief, as a grasping by the will of that which has been spiritually perceived. So, still again, we marvel that our authors, having suggested that God's righteousness is "not only inherent but energizing," "projected from the Divine essence and realizing itself among men," do not follow up this thought, and see that what Paul means to teach is that in this energizing righteousness, not only manifested but made efficacious by and in Christ, is the hope of life for the world, and for each individual as by faith—a faith which is neither belief nor fidelity—he lays hold upon it and makes it his own. So, to quote one more illustration, the note on "the death of Christ considered as a sacrifice" leaves us in the air, its final conclusion being, so far as there is any conclusion, a "fiction of mercy." There is no hint here, except perhaps as such a hint is implied in the quotation from Mr. Ruskin, of that tremendous truth which differentiates Christianity from Paganism, and from the Judaism of Leviticus. These taught, impliedly if not explicitly, the necessity of a sacrifice offered by or on behalf of man to God; Christianity, the reality of a sacrifice offered by and on behalf of God for man. This reversal of the doctrine of sacrifice involves a revolution in the conception both of God and of religion. Any attempt to mediate between the two is to be welcomed chiefly because it may be hoped that it will prepare gradually some minds for a truth at once so radical and so sublime that they could not be expected to accept it without some such gradual preparation. This is, in our judgment, the chief value of the Commentary on Romans of Dr. Sanday and Mr. Headlam.



The Epic of the Fall of Man¹

By students of Anglo-Saxon and lovers of the greatest works of modern poetry this book will be received and read with much satisfaction. It is a comparative study of Cædmon, Dante, and Milton, so far as they treat of the fall of man. In a previous volume on the Arthurian Epic, Mr. Gurnee made a similar contribution to our knowledge of one of the greatest productions of English poetry and of the time in which it first appeared. "The present volume," he says, "is simply a comparative study of one niche in the sacred poetic literature of England; and, although I have included in this study the Inferno of Dante, I have done so only to bring out in still bolder relief the strong and weak points in Cædmon's and Milton's treatment of the subject."

The introduction furnishes a historical sketch of the revivals of Anglo-Saxon learning in England. Then follows a chapter on the advantages of the study of Anglo-Saxon, which perhaps may not be appreciated by the average reader, but which will be appreciated by all who love the best in literature. Among the advantages which are mentioned is the fact that the Anglo-Saxon writings will bear comparison with any others of the same historical period, and with most which have appeared in later times. They show the class of poetry which gave pleasure to the warrior in the mead-hall, to the family in the *ton*, and to the religious in the monastery. The author gives an admirable analysis of the great "Christianized-pagan Epic" entitled "Beowulf," which is the oldest epic poem of which mediæval Europe can boast. "It antedates the Niebelungen-Lied by several hundred years, and there is nothing in the early literature, whether of Scandinavia or Germany, which can compare with it in power of imagination, in skill of construction, or in weirdness of detail." After that we have a condensed life of Cædmon, then an analysis of his "Fall of Man," and later on chapters treat of "The Angel of Presumption and Other Devils," and "The Three Poetic Hells: the Torture House of Cædmon, the Inferno of Dante, and the Hell of Milton."

The book closes with an excellent original translation of Cædmon's "Fall of Man." Concerning the Angel of Presumption and Milton's Satan the author says that they are the two grandest conceptions of the Spirit of Evil to be found in the whole English literature. Both Cædmon's and Milton's epics are founded on the proposition of the treason and expulsion from heaven of a great Archangel who determines to drag down in his fall a favored race of terrestrial beings. Both have as the groundwork of their narrative the main features of the

Hebrew story. The treatment of this part of the subject is full of suggestion.

In the chapter on "The Three Poetic Hells" the author compares the intellectual equipment of Dante, Milton, and Cædmon, and the working out of their majestic conceptions of the fall of man and its consequences, as well as the agency by which it was accomplished. The three poems, he says, present the poetic answer to one phase of the great question of man's relation to the Infinite. The Epic of the Fall of Man, or "Paradise Lost," involving, as it does, the fall of the great Archangel, is the poetic expression of an infinite past and of the dawn of evil in the world. "The Divina Commedia," on the other hand, presupposing all this, is the poetic expression of an infinite hereafter, an immortality in which the bent which the free will has given to the character in the present will have its logical issue forever.

A valuable note, marked "Note A," treats of the loss of literature valuable to the world caused by war, by vandalism, by accident, and by ignorance. Treasures almost innumerable have disappeared beyond hope of recovery. At the time of Aristophanes two thousand dramas had been produced in Greece, but only forty-two have come down to us. Of the seventy works of Æschylus, only seven have been saved: and only seven out of the one hundred or more of Sophocles. Of the works of Sappho, "the greatest lyric poetess of all times," we have only a few fragments. These are samples of the loss which the world has suffered because of the carelessness, the ignorance, and the vandalism of the past. It is fair to presume that the loss of Anglo-Saxon literature has been equally great.

This volume is of value both to the student of literature and to the student of theology as well, since modern theology is still colored by these mediæval poems. The illustrations and diagrams add much to the interest of the book, although they do not add to our appreciation of the artistic quality of the illuminations of the manuscript, which, we are told, are taken from the published *Archæologia* of the Society of Antiquarians of London. This study of the Epic of the Fall of Man is a distinct addition to what may be called the prolegomena of modern literature.



The literature of a nation may at first view appear an inextricable maze. We feel certain that from the nature of things there must be some clue. Is it religion or philosophy? Is it race or climate? One and then another theory has been used to interpret the works of literature and the historical development of thought. Professor Kuno Francke, of Harvard, has, in his history of German literature, adopted a principle that is inclusive. He views literature as the irrepressible utterance of social life. In the main, this is obviously true. In a broad way it may be adopted as a canon of interpretation. What Professor Francke sees in the evolution of German thought is a conflict between the individualistic and collectivistic tendencies of the people. This Ormuzd-and-Ahriman conflict takes many forms; now it is free thought in strife with tradition, again it is partisanship against universal brotherhood, then it is radicalism against conservatism. Extremely ingenious are the author's applications of this canon to the several periods of the literature of Germany. If it might be permitted to find fault with a work so valuable as this, *Social Forces in German Literature*, one would complain that the period before the Reformation is too hastily and scantily dealt with. Mediæval German literature is of almost more importance in the study of social history than the mediæval literature of any other European nation. There is more to say, and profounder things, on the Nibelung saga than Mr. Francke has said. In the literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries he exhibits insight, comprehension, and carefulness. In an epilogue he says his word about Wagner, whom he considers the most accurate utterance of the mind of Germany of the present day. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

The Macmillans have added to the collection of books on Judaism that they are publishing another, *Studies in Judaism*, by S. Schechter, M.A., Reader in Talmudic Literature in the University of Cambridge. Mr. Schechter tells us of himself that he is neither a high church nor a broad church Jew. Therefore it is not to be expected that he would treat with deep insight Nachmanides or the Chassidim. His better essays are those that are historical and descriptive. Professor Toy's "Judaism and Christianity" comes in for much flat contradiction. Mr. Schechter's statement of what are the dogmas of Judaism, and how they are held, must be understood as the description of the attitude of the school to which the author belongs. Two interesting essays are those that deal with Nachman Krochmal, and the "Gaon," that is to say the Rabbi Elijah, of Wilna. These two names indicate the mental frame, the school of this writer. It was well to publish a collection of his essays, that the walls of the Ghetto may be lowered even more, so that we may be enabled to look upon the varieties of life within. Curiously enough, Mr. Schechter, of modern Jews, betrays a little sympathy with the Q'abbalah; most Jewish students publicly scout it. The reason is that they fail to understand it; they fail to value its intellectual importance. In some ways it is foreign to them, being, as they suppose, Aryan rather than Semitic in the nature of its thought. In reality, what, besides a class of languages grouped in a Linnæan fashion, do we know to be Semite? It is time that we ex-

¹ *The Epic of the Fall of Man*. By S. Humphreys Gurnee, M.A., LL.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.50.

amined our easy platitudes about race. Race is one of the illusions of history and literature. Language and religion are realities. Of these realities Mr. Schechter is an interesting product.

The personality of Thoreau has a fascination that does not soon lose its influence over the modern world. There was originality and a liberality of moods in the man. Concord expressed itself amply in Thoreau; Emerson was his friend, Brownson gave him a bent, Hawthorne encouraged him in the emphasis of his own pure individuality. All this one can infer from Mr. Henry D. Salt's *Life of Henry D. Thoreau*, imported by the Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Mr. Salt, taking his cue from Taine, gives a little too much time to the description of Thoreau's heredity and environment. The idea is correct enough, but the problem of heredity and environment, in the case of the human character, is seldom so easily solved. There are "sports" and "atavisms" and many other things that occur. Besides, there are many forces, very subtle, very powerful in molding the man, that escape observation. As for the rest, what Thoreau did, what he said, and what he wrote are duly set down in this well-printed book from England. A bibliography is added, but, alas! no portrait. What is a biography without a portrait!

There is no name in French history less worthy of benediction than that of Philip the Fair; Philip Augustus was almost august. His miserable policy with regard to his Albigenian subjects deprives him of the incontestable right to the title of honor. Mr. W. H. Hutton, who, for the "Foreign Statesmen" series, published by the Macmillan Company, has written an account of *Philip Augustus*, has nigh apotheosized his subject and fallen in adoration at his feet. Philip shamefully treated his wife, Ingeborgis, and deserved the excommunication that he got. It is true that he was a statesman, and, after Karl the Great, the first French monarch who gathered and did not scatter royal power and possessions. He put France on the map of Europe; a strong man, he belongs to an epoch of mighty men, Innocent III., Henry II., Frederic I., and Saint Bernard. Among these, Philip, the somewhat august, held his own. Just wherein his statesmanship lay may be set down in a word—Philip showed France and his successor how to absorb the fiefs, great and small, into the royal domain, and thus centralize the power.

The Rev. Dr. Bergstresser's *Baptism and Feet-Washing* is a theological polemic directed against the Tunkers, a sect of German Baptists found mostly in Pennsylvania. They are extreme literalists, and usually as extremely ignorant, so that no literary argument would be likely to reach them. They meet in barns, build no meeting-houses, practice public confession of sins and general absolution from the congregation. Feet-washing takes place once a year at the longest, and is followed by the Communion; the former rite is held to be as sacramental as the latter. Dr. Bergstresser leaves them nothing to stand upon theologically, but they, in their literalism, will not be convinced. (Lutheran Publication Society, Philadelphia.)

Mr. Wittchell, in his clever and original work on *The Evolution of Bird-Song*, supposes that the primitive bird-voice was a toneless puffing due to anger or to fear. This is too partial. "The wild joy of living" was also an impulse to utter the voice. Mr. Wittchell has, however, in his work given us valuable data. He treats of imitation and heredity in the evolution of the songs of birds. The "call note" is recognized by this observer as a real factor in the development of the songs of birds, and this is an important concession. He also allows for accident in producing modifications. It will be suspected that, useful as are the data of this author, his theory is antiquated and discredited. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

It is a sign that a change is near when a story like *Camilla*, by the Swedish novelist Richert von Koch, appears. The story is a relief, for it is not morbid, and the new woman is actually a woman, and not a literary Frankenstein monstrosity. *Camilla* is a little fiend, but she is honest, and deserves her mental integrity in all seriousness. She comes out right, as any one but the frivolous fool is bound to emerge. All that she wants is a human heart, and the Lord puts one into her breast. The book appears to have been translated by Nathan Haskell Dole, and it has three illustrations, one a photogravure by Mr. Edmund H. Garrett. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

The late Professor Tuttle, of Cornell, had published two volumes of his *History of Prussia under Frederic the Great*. These two volumes covered the subject from 1740 to 1756. At the time of his death Mr. Tuttle had written, further, some three chapters for the next volume. These three chapters are now published in one volume with a biographical sketch of Mr. Tuttle, and with a bibliography of all his writings. Mr. Tuttle undertook this laborious task because, as he tells us, during his residence in Germany he learned how inaccurate, and otherwise inadequate, is Carlyle's account. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York.)

New Books

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending July 31. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

The study of children is now ranking as a science with the study of plants, of birds, of stones. The most intelligent mothers to-day are earnestly interested in methods of training, of amusing, of educating their children. This study produces the best results when the range of thought of the mother covers the whole realm of childhood as far as she can know it. The literature for this branch of study is grow-

ing very fast, and has, even now, reached a point where the mother must choose. A recent addition to this department of literature is *The Child: Its Spiritual Nature*, by Henry Lewis King. (The Macmillan Company, New York.) The title is not comprehensive. The book is a study of childhood under Christian and heathen times, under ancient and modern conditions. Its value lies in the sweep of subjects touched upon rather than in the depth or fullness of the studies.

—A *Manual of Common-School Law*, by C. W. Bardeen, published by the writer, who is editor of the "School Bulletin," Syracuse, N. Y., is a book needed at the present time of active interest in the affairs of the common schools manifested by the majority of intelligent citizens.—The people of this country are becoming a music-loving people; more than music-loving, they are beginning to understand that a knowledge of music is necessary to its full enjoyment. That a graded course of readers intended for the students of music should be published is not surprising. The *Educational Music Course* (Ginn & Co., New York) is edited by Luther Whiting Mason and others; it meets the needs of those whose opportunities for studying music are limited.

The neglected street-waifs have a friend in the writer of the story *Your Little Brother James*, by Caroline H. Pemberton. (The Recorder Book Press, Stamford, N. Y.) It is the story of a fatherless and worse than motherless boy, who is restored to the rights of childhood by being placed in a home of love and parental longing.

Out of the Woods: A Romance of Camp Life, by George P. Fisher, Jr., is well described by its title. We think a little more of the camp life and a little less of the romance would have made a better book; for the out-of-door flavor is excellent, while the plot of the romance is rather crude. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

An *Introduction to the Life of Jesus*, by Professor Alfred Williams Anthony, of Cobb Divinity School, is an admirable book for students of the New Testament—both lay and clerical. It is interesting from the start, and presents in compact form the non-Biblical evidences of the essential facts in the New Testament narrative. (Silver, Burdett & Co., New York.)—*Better Things for Sons of God*, by George T. Lemmon, is a collection of sermons by a man in ardent sympathy with those who hope for the realization of Christ's reign on earth through a social and political regeneration.

Literary Notes

—The Macmillan Company will publish in the autumn "The Life of Richard Cobden," by John Morley.

—About £500 has been subscribed to the fund for the erection of a memorial to Thomas Hughes, at Rugby.

—Dean Farrar has for some time past been engaged on a new work, which Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. will bring out in the autumn, under the title of "The Bible: What It Is and What It Is Not."

—Sarah Bernhardt writes to "Figaro" that she has once more settled down to work on her "Memoirs." It is said that she has already disposed of the American copyright of her prospective work to a Chicago firm of publishers.

—A translation has been made by Mr. David Cuthbertson of the Chevalier Ramsay's "History of the Life of Fénelon." This work was published anonymously in 1723, and is a very curious account of ecclesiastical and philosophical discussions and personal oppositions in the time of Fénelon, Bossuet, and their contemporaries. The book has long been out of print and is rare. The translator, who is assistant librarian in the University of Edinburgh, has added notes and a biographical memoir. The book will be issued in October, and may be obtained directly from Mr. Cuthbertson.

—The London "Standard's" Berlin correspondent says that Rubinstein left a voluminous work containing not only his opinions on musical subjects, but also reminiscences of the more important events in his life. The last sentence of the book runs thus: "So long as I felt that I was better disposed on the platform than at home I played in public. But as soon as I felt that the contrary was the case, I ceased to do so." He entitled the book "Gedenkenkorb," or "A Basket of Thoughts," and commissioned Herr Wolff, the Berlin concert manager, to publish it, omitting everything referring to persons still living or calculated to hurt the feelings of their descendants.

Books Received

For the Week Ending July 31

- C. W. BARDEEN, SYRACUSE
A Manual of Common-School Law. \$1.
EATON & MAINS, NEW YORK
Lemmon, George T. Better Things for Sons of God. 75 cts.
FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, NEW YORK
The Gospel According to John. Edited by Roswell D. Hitchcock. 10 cts.
GINN & CO., BOSTON
Mason, L. W., N. H. Dole, and Others. Educational Music Course. First, Second, and Third Readers.
THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK
Lewis, Henry King. The Child: Its Spiritual Nature. \$2.
A. C. MCCLURG & CO., CHICAGO
Fisher, George P., Jr. Out of the Woods. \$1.
THOMAS NELSON & SONS, NEW YORK
The Holy Bible. Minion, 8vo. \$3.
THE RECORDER BOOK PRESS, STAMFORD, N. Y.
Pemberton, Caroline H. Your Little Brother James.
SILVER, BURDETT & CO., NEW YORK
Anthony, Alfred W. An Introduction to the Life of Jesus.
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, MADISON, WIS.
Coffin, Victor. The Province of Quebec and the Early American Revolution. 75 cts.

The Religious World

Mrs. Booth's New Work Mrs. Ballington Booth has entered upon a new work of redemption, which in its proportions is nothing less than gigantic, and which nothing less than an indomitable will and an unconquerable faith can hope to accomplish. Mrs. Booth's record shows that she possesses these qualifications in an eminent degree, and therefore the public will look upon her new and laudable enterprise with approval and confidence. Her plan, which has been briefly referred to before in these columns, is to interest the convicts of the State prisons at Sing Sing, Auburn, and Clinton, by personal interviews and private correspondence, and if possible awaken their consciences and turn them to Christ. Then she expects to build a home for them to enter upon their release from prison, and to establish an employment bureau through which to secure them an honest means of living as soon as possible. This will require a considerable amount of money, but she expects to hold a popular meeting at Carnegie Hall some time in the autumn which the rich citizens will attend and through which she hopes they will offer generous assistance. Mrs. Booth has already made several visits to Sing Sing prison, and was cordially received both by the officials and inmates, many of whom were very much surprised to learn that one person even cared for them and took an interest in their welfare. Mrs. Booth believes that the circumstances of her leaving the Salvation Army were providential, that she might be led to take up this new work, which, in her opinion, is the most promising in which she has yet engaged. She also contemplates establishing a home for the children of convicts, many of whom are homeless and friendless. Surely this is a noble enterprise and should touch a responsive chord of sympathy in thousands of philanthropic and generous Christian hearts.

Methodist Mission Debt The Methodist Episcopal Church, in common with most others, has within recent years unavoidably incurred a heavy indebtedness through missionary operations. The deficiency in the appropriations for the work of the home and foreign boards, at the expiration of the fiscal year ending October 31 last, was \$240,000. Since that time, however, the debt has been reduced to the extent of \$20,000, thus leaving the obligation of these societies \$220,000. This appears an enormous sum, but the numerous and powerful Methodist constituency, with its thorough organization of forces, can easily raise this amount of money. This is the way the authorities look upon it, and accordingly set apart Sunday, July 26, for a special collection in all the Methodist churches and gatherings in the country, for the purpose of liquidating the debt incurred by the Missionary Society during the last fiscal year. Strong appeals were sent out, and the results of the collection were gratifying in their total amount. Many people seem to think that because their offering would necessarily be a small one, therefore it need not be made. Here is what W. P. Bentley, a missionary to China, says: *one dollar* will do in that land: 1. Give to the heathen two hundred copies of the Gospel. 2. Furnish Christian books for a day-school of ten. 3. Sustain a native evangelist for two weeks. 4. Pay the rent of a chapel for two weeks. 5. Give to the heathen two thousand leaf-tracts. 6. Supply a boy in school for more than a month. Surely these things ought to inspire us to give even a small offering to help in educating and Christianizing those who know not Christ.

The Religious Headquarters at Chautauqua

The Chautauqua idea stands for interdenominational fellowship on one hand and strict denominational loyalty on the other. The large number of people who gather there every summer are from all denominations and come together for purposes of education or recreation primarily, but, in the second place, meet to receive such spiritual uplift as Chautauqua affords. Among the pleasantest meetings at this great educational center, especially those in which the religious people delight in, are the denominational rallies at the various headquarters. Here the members of the several denominations meet and hold prayer services, make new acquaintances and renew those of former days, read their Church papers and denominational literature, and discuss questions of peculiar mutual interest. On July 16 the Baptists opened their new headquarters in Clark Avenue, consisting of a commodious frame structure, containing two rooms on the lower floor and two above, with a veranda fronting on the avenue. The Disciples of Christ have opened up headquarters a few doors below, and the Non-Partisan Woman's Christian Temperance Union have stored up their work in the Arcade building. Now most of the larger denominations in the country are represented in their headquarters at Chautauqua Assembly, where

many meetings are held, which, to those who attend them, are among the pleasant memories of a lifetime.

National Temperance Meeting

The fifteenth annual National Temperance Camp-Meeting was held at Ocean Grove, July 28 to August 2, under the auspices of the National Temperance Society. The object of this convention of temperance workers from all parts of the country was the promotion of temperance in its broadest and purest form, separate and apart from ecclesiastical or political affiliation. Joshua L. Baily, of Philadelphia, President of the National Temperance Society, presided, and also made two or three excellent addresses. Others who made chief addresses were: the Rev. C. H. Mead, of Montclair, Secretary of the Society; the Rev. D. C. Babcock; and the Rev. Peter Stryker, who spoke on "Mistakes." The last said it was a serious mistake to consider the temperance question a threadbare one, and that a great mistake is made in the failure to instruct children in the fundamental principles of temperance. One of the most welcome visitors at the convention was Robert Rae, of London, Secretary of the National Temperance League of Great Britain, who favored the Association with a very fine address. In his annual address President Baily said the Society had issued 522,999 volumes and 2,100 separate publications during its thirty years' existence, and concluded by making a strong appeal for funds with which to erect a building. Perhaps the two most popular lecturers on the programme were John G. Woolley, of Chicago, and the Hon. George W. Bain, of Kentucky. Two or three evenings were given to Mr. Woolley, whose lectures fairly set the convention on fire with enthusiasm. He is unquestionably the most powerful temperance advocate in America. Mr. Woolley is electric, but Mr. Bain is magnetic. His lecture on "The New Woman and the Old Man" was a masterpiece of persuasive eloquence. The attendance at all the meetings was large, and the interest deep. This camp-meeting is another of the positive proofs that the temperance sentiment in this country is rapidly and solidly growing, and is a prophecy of that good time when the evils of intemperance shall be put away. With 16,000,000 school children, the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, the Baptist Young People's Union, the Epworth League, the W. C. T. U., and the churches on the side of temperance, it will—it surely must—prevail.

Sankey's Most Famous Hymn At a great gathering recently in Denver, Mr. Ira W. Sankey, before singing "The Ninety and Nine," which perhaps of all his compositions is the one that has brought him the most fame, gave an account of its birth. Leaving Glasgow for Edinburgh with Mr. Moody, he stopped at a news-stand and bought a penny religious paper. Glancing over it as they rode on the cars, his eye fell upon a few little verses in the corner of the page. Turning to Mr. Moody, he said, "I've found my hymn." But Mr. Moody was busily engaged and did not hear a word. Mr. Sankey did not find time to make a tune for the verses, so he pasted them in his music scrap-book. One day they had an unusually impressive meeting in Edinburgh, in which Dr. Bonar had spoken with great effect on "The Good Shepherd." At the close of the address, Mr. Moody beckoned to his partner to sing something appropriate. At first he could think of nothing but the Twenty-third Psalm, but that he had sung so often; his second thought was to sing the verses he had found in the newspaper, but the third thought was, How could it be done when he had no tune for them? Then a fourth thought came, and that was to sing the verses, anyway. He put the verses before him, touched the keys of the organ, opened his mouth and sang, not knowing where he was going to come out. He finished the first verse amid profound silence. He took a long breath and wondered if he could sing the second the same way. He tried it and succeeded. After that it was easy to sing it. When he finished the hymn the meeting was all broken down—the throngs were crying and the ministers were sobbing all around him. Mr. Sankey says it was the most intense moment of his life. From that moment it was a popular hymn. Mr. Moody said at the time that he had never heard a song like that. It was sung at every meeting and was soon going over the world. While traveling in the Highlands of Scotland a short time later Mr. Sankey received a letter from a lady at Melrose thanking him for singing the verses written by her sister. That sister was Elizabeth C. Clephane. He wished to call it "The Lost Sheep," but Mr. Moody insisted upon calling it "Ninety and Nine" whenever he announced it. Mr. Sankey firmly believes that God inspired him to sing that song with such effect, and the honor should be His.

The Hiram House Settlement Perhaps the most recent social settlement to attract attention is the one at Cleveland, Ohio, formed by the faculty, friends, and students of Hiram College, and in honor of that institution called "The Hiram House." The Young Men's

and Young Women's Christian Associations occupy an important place in the college life of this institution. At the opening of the college year in 1895 the Home Missionary class took up the study of sociological questions as outlined by the Y. M. C. A. Handbook, by Professor Graham Taylor, of Chicago Commons. This class grew until it became necessary to organize it into a club for sociological study. One of the first actions of the club was to organize a "Social Settlement Board," with President E. V. Zollars as Chairman. It is founded on the principle of "brotherhood;" its method of work is neighborliness; its efforts will be undenominational, and its work will be religious only as brotherhood is religious. Its object is to become a part of the life of the ward where it is located, and it wishes to prove its right to live in helping to remove the cause of distress. It is located on the corner of Washington and Hanover Streets, overlooking what is known as "The Island" or "The Triangle." It is not a criminal section, but a district of very poor homes. It has a kindergarten under the management of Misses Lida Gibbons and Carrie Goodrich. It will also have a day nursery, lecture courses, entertainments, reading-rooms, etc., and will publish a monthly paper, "Hiram House Bulletin," as a medium between the settlement and its friends and supporters. It has now been thirty years since this idea of sharing the life of the poor by university men began to materialize in the efforts of those possessed by it, but it has been growing with the years, and it is to be hoped it finally will become an important part of the ministerial education of every young man who devotes his life to preaching the Christ. It is an imperfect but effective illustration of the *Kenosis*, or emptying of himself as the New Testament idea of Christ is set forth. But it shows the Christ-spirit of beautiful self-surrender much more than do our costly church buildings and imposing ritualistic displays.

Eureka Encampment Eureka Encampment is to the Disciples of Christ in Illinois somewhat similar to the Ocean Grove Encampment among the Methodists of the East. This was the twelfth annual Encampment at Eureka, which is also the seat of Eureka College. Beginning on Wednesday, July 29, two days were devoted to the interests of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, which includes both women's and children's work in the churches. One of the vexed questions with which this Board has been puzzled in the past is the proper relationship between the Board and the children's work as carried on in the Junior Endeavor Society on one hand, and that conducted by the Mission Bands on the other. This, of course, had its share of attention. Among the important addresses of the Woman's Convention were those by Mrs. Persis L. Christian, National Organizer; Judge W. E. Nelson, who spoke on "A Voice from the Pew on the Pulpit;" Governor John P. Altgeld, and Hale Johnson, Prohibition nominee for Vice-President. The next two days were consumed by the Christian Endeavor forces, who rendered one of the best programmes in the history of the Encampment. Some of the ablest Endeavor lecturers in the country helped to make their sessions exceptionally valuable. Monday forenoon was occupied by the State Ministerial Association, which profitably considered two topics—"Ministerial Ethics" and "The Signs of the Times in Church Polity." Then the Christian Sunday-School Association held its annual sessions in the afternoon. A half-dozen practical topics, ably discussed, rendered it a spiritual and intellectual treat to the army of Sunday-school workers in attendance. The Illinois Christian Mission Convention consumed the last two days of the Encampment. Besides the usual reports and business routine, considerable time was devoted to the interests of Eureka College, which is supported by the Disciples of Illinois. One of the most delightful popular lectures ever given at the Encampment was "Buttoned-up People," by Robert McIntyre, of Denver, Colo. The Encampment was largely attended by people from many parts of the West, and was heartily enjoyed.

National Sunday-School Seminary The National Sunday-School Seminary is a new department lately opened as a special summer school of sacred learning in the Southwestern Baptist University, at Jackson, Tennessee. Though the first session, which has just closed, was opened as an experiment, the success attained was so phenomenal that it has already taken permanent form, and arrangements are now being made for a much larger work next year. The Rev. George H. Simmons, D.D., of Jackson, was the leading spirit, and presided over all the sessions. Contrary to the expectation of many, a deep, strong interest prevailed from the very beginning and increased to the end. One hundred and ninety-four students were enrolled, who represented nine States of the Union. Classes were taught in the Old and New Testaments, music, and physical culture, by specialists in these departments. The committee who had charge of the arrangements, the Rev. George H. Simmons, Professor H. C. Irby, and the Rev. George M. Savage, received the praise of all in attendance for the excellent programme prepared and the success

which the work met. A number of the leading preachers and lecturers from different parts of the country were present, and gave much to enrich the school. Among them may be mentioned the Rev. B. N. Carroll, of Texas; the Rev. Wayland Hoyt, of Philadelphia; the Rev. H. G. Weston, of Crozier Seminary; the Rev. J. E. Gilbert, of Washington; the Rev. W. A. Whittle, of London; the Rev. G. Soars, of Illinois, and the Rev. E. C. Dargan, of Louisville. The supervising committee are busy now arranging the work for the ensuing year, and have engaged Professor Noah K. Davis, of the University of Virginia, to write a seminary text-book on the Psalms, President Henry G. Weston to prepare another on New Testament Structure, and Dr. T. T. Eaton to prepare another on the History of Doctrine; Dr. George H. Simmons is writing one on Old Testament Structure, and Professor H. C. Irby will write a text-book on Church History. There will be fifteen or twenty State Assemblies held before the Seminary opens next year, and it is the purpose of the management to work up the interest of the school in each of these conventions. The outlook is exceedingly bright and full of promise, and it is confidently believed that 1897 will witness one of the finest Sunday-School Seminaries ever held in this country. Surely there is a great field for this peculiar kind of work, and if properly worked it will yield a rich harvest in greater Sunday-school efficiency.

A somewhat keen but surely instructive interchange of views has taken place between the "Arrow," a paper published by a society of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin (P. E.) in this city, and the "Pro-Cathedral Record." The former published the weekly programme of the Pro-Cathedral parish work and remarked, "This may be philanthropy, but it is not religion." We quote in part the reply of the "Record:"

To us philanthropy and religion are very closely akin. The love of God that does not manifest itself in love to man is not worth having. We believe that the whole of man belongs to God—body, soul, and spirit. We believe that we are doing God's service when we give his children a chance to keep their bodies clean and strong and healthy, and their minds pure and elevated and refined in the midst of so much that tends to make them unclean and unhealthy and impure and degraded. We believe that the money, the time, the effort which we spend in the attempt to uplift the lives of the people of this neighborhood, to inspire in them nobler thoughts and higher ideals and truer acts, gives God more pleasure and is of more use in the world than the same money and time and effort spent in the erection of a beautiful church in which we might worship God in splendor and ease; in which, surrounded by all the accessories that appeal to our most refined tastes, we would be apt to forget the misery and sorrow of God's children in the world, and think we are doing God's service when we are really pleasing ourselves.

Dramatists in Church Windows St. Saviour's Church, in Southwark, London, has by its locality many ancient memories connected with the stage. Not far from it stood the theater where Shakespeare acted; Philip Massinger was buried in the church in 1640, after spending many years in a debtor's prison hard by; other Elizabethan dramatists lived in the parish. It is now proposed to have a series of memorial windows in memory of Shakespeare, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other famous men associated with the parish. The Massinger window has been presented by Sir Henry Irving, Messrs. Beerbohm Tree, Wilson Barrett, H. A. Jones, A. W. Pinero, and other actors and play-writers. Other windows have been promised; the largest will be that to Shakespeare, which will cost about \$1,250. Besides the windows to dramatists there will be similar memorials to Chaucer, Gower, John Harvard, the founder of Harvard University; Samuel Johnson, John Bunyan, Oliver Goldsmith, Dr. Baxter, and other famous men who in one way or another have had to do with the church. One may imagine the surprise of Bunyan or Baxter at finding themselves in such close juxtaposition with Massinger.

A Summer Camp for Babies The Plainfield (N. J.) Circles of the King's Daughters have just opened a new Summer Camp for Babies on the summit of Watchung Mountain, West Plainfield. Early in the spring the local circles of the King's Daughters, assisted by the citizens of Plainfield, began work on the camp. Neighboring carpenters and builders were solicited for help, and enough was given out of spare time to do all the mechanical work. The plan outlined will prove a great benefit, no doubt, to many poor babies of Plainfield, and mothers of little ones who are ill and in need of good food, fresh air, medicine, and rest will be taken by means of hacks early in the morning to the top of the mountain and will be permitted to rest in the camp through the day, returning late in the evening. All things necessary for the comfort of sick babies and mothers are provided in abundance. On the brow of the mountain, near the camp building, floats a large white flag with the emblematic Maltese red cross in the center. Miss Caroline Rendell, of New York, a good nurse, has charge of the children while at the camp. It is a restful place, and certainly is a beautiful charity worthy of the significant motto of the King's Daughters, "In His Name," under whose auspices it is supported.

For the Little People



Grasshoppers

By Laura D. Nichols

In the forests of the grass,
Where the fat, black crickets pass,
Where the twinkling fireflies hide,
Where the yellow spiders glide,
Where the clumsy beetles creep,
Where the ants their hillocks heap,
Where the rushing showers descend,
There their lives begin and end.

Hatched within the friendly earth,
Up they creep, a myriad birth;
Clinging to the stems of grass,
Swinging as the breezes pass;
Soon the tiny, helpless thing
Learns to hop, to jump, to spring,
Finds himself with Life in tune,
Revels in the sun of June.

No tight-rope this gymnast needs,
Only thro' the air he speeds;
From blade of grass to tip of fern,
Anything will serve his turn;
North or south, or east or west,
Never stopping long to rest—
Black or brown, or green or yellow,
Saw you e'er so gay a fellow?

Like a rocket through the air,
Without forethought, without care;
Reckless where his leap may end,
On land or water, foe or friend;
Never storing winter grain,
Never building nest or den—
Reckless, sunshine-loving rover,
What's your fate when summer's over?



"Crickets for Sale"

By Miss A. B. McIlvaine

This is the cry that is heard through all the streets of Florence on Ascension Day. "How silly!" I hear some little reader say. "What would any one want to buy crickets for?" It may be silly, but nevertheless a great many people, especially children, do buy them.

In the early, early hours of the morning, before the sun himself is fairly awake, the poor people of Florence flock to the parks and gardens and literally scour the grass for crickets. Alas for the poor crickets, their fun is over! They are put into tiny cages, and later in the morning are sold for a few pennies to the children, who believe that their lives will last just so long as they can keep the body of a poor, unfortunate cricket in their possession.

It is a very funny sight to meet child after child, and once in a while a grown person, clasping tight a little cage—some of wire, like small parrot cages, and others of common wood. They feed the little creatures on lettuce leaves, and for a night or two they chirp mournfully in their prisons. But they soon die, and their bodies are put carefully away till the next Ascension Day, when new unfortunates take their places.

I have a little friend who regularly buys her cricket every year, and then as promptly loses it. Most tragic is her grief as she informs her mother that her hours are numbered, and as she bids a tearful good-by to her large family of dolls. But as yet her yearly loss has brought her no harm.

Another friend of mine, an old lady, bed-ridden and helpless, has a cricket brought to her as each Ascension Day comes round. This time, however, it is for no superstitious reason, but only to tell her that spring has come again. Is it not a queer custom—this Ascension Day sale of crickets?



Father Robin and the Children

In Boston there is a writer who signs himself "Listener." He not only listens, but he watches, and tells us of what he sees in a most entertaining way. He has been watching a family of robins, and he has told all that he found out about them in one of the Boston papers.

He says that the scientists have discovered that a young robin can eat forty feet of worms in one day. There were five little robins in this nest, so the father bird had to get two hundred feet of worms every day to satisfy his children. This father, you see, had to work very hard. As he came from the place where he caught the food for his family, he would light for a moment on the top of a picket fence, and look about. If any one was in sight he would not fly to the apple-tree where his family were, but into another tree until he was sure he was not watched, then away he flew to his family, who sat, all of them, with their mouths wide open waiting for a worm. But one day there was a great commotion in the nest. Suddenly the largest baby fell to the ground; the nest was too small, and the strongest baby had attempted to fly away. He did not know how to use his wings, and so he fell instead of flying. The mother bird called and cried; the brothers and sisters all squalled, and the father flew madly about. Down on the grass was the hapless baby. Suddenly there was a crouching figure, a spring, and the cat and the baby robin disappeared under the piazza.

Not far away was a grove of trees. It was soon evident that father and mother robin were going to emigrate to this grove with the babies. A little way at a time flew Mr. and Mrs. Robin, and the children kept close to them. Finally the family were lost sight of in the grove of trees, and the apple-tree by the fence was empty.

Down in the garden the potatoes were growing finely. After the robin family emigrated the leaves of many of the potato plants began to turn yellow. The gardener dug down a very little way, and in every hill where the leaves turned yellow he found a cut-worm. Mr. Robin had earned the rent of the apple-tree and the few cherries he took many times over. While he lived in the apple-tree he had kept the potatoes free from worms, but now the worms were free to eat in the garden, and the gardener, try as he would, could not destroy as many worms as Mr. Robin with five babies to feed.



The Children's Poet

In the August number of "St. Nicholas" there are many stories told of the late Mr. Eugene Field, the man who loved little children, and wrote such lovely stories and poems for them. He used to write poems for his own little children, and give them to them. When one of Mr. Field's children was a baby, he gave him a silver plate, and had engraved upon it the following poem:

INSCRIPTION FOR MY LITTLE SON'S SILVER PLATE

Unto Roswell Francis Field his father, Eugene Field, giveth this Counsel with this Plate. September 2, 1893.

When thou shalt eat from off this plate,
I charge thee: Be thou temperate;
Unto thine elders at the board
Do thou sweet reverence accord;
Though unto dignity inclined,
Unto the serving-folk be kind;
Be ever mindful of the poor,
Nor turn them hungry from the door;
And unto God, for health and food,
And all that in thy life is good,
Give thou thy heart in gratitude.

It would be a wise thing to learn these lines and think of them. Following them would make any boy a gentleman, any girl a lady.



The Making of One Picture

When you look at a picture, do you ever think of the artist and the work that he did before he painted the picture? Do you ever think of how much he must have read and studied before that picture at which you are looking was a picture? A great English painter, Mr. W. Holman Hunt, has recently told the story of his painting of "The Finding of the Saviour

in the Temple." Mr. Hunt conceived the idea of his picture while traveling in Egypt and Palestine. He decided to paint the picture after he had studied the people, their ways of living, and their architecture. He wanted to paint the picture in Jerusalem, but the rabbis warned from the painter the men he hired as models. They believed his intention was to convert the Jews, while he pretended to use them as models. Weeks went by and the painter grew discouraged and left Jerusalem. On his return he found two benevolent and educated Jews, Englishmen, in the city. He appealed to them, and they, being well known and trusted by the Jews in the Holy City, were able to explain to the rabbis what the painter was doing, and that his intention was innocent. The painter was able then to complete his studies for the heads of the rabbis and Joseph. He returned to England, and used for the model of the boy Christ a boy from one of the Hebrew schools. While in Jerusalem the painter was compelled to conceal the subject of the painting. His sitters thought the subject was a dispute among the rabbis.

The picture was forming in the mind of the painter for months. He studied the sky, the atmosphere, as well as the people and their ways. He read the Bible closely to know his story well. He read the histories of the time of his story, and then he worked on his picture two years.



An Old-Fashioned Lesson

Why do the honey-bees suck from the clover
Sweets upon sweets through the long summer day?
They work to have honey, a plenty and over,
When all the bright summer has vanished away.
Some day, little ones, you'll be children no longer;
But what you are now will ever be part
Of what you shall be—and stronger and stronger
The seed of the future still grows in each heart.
Then fill your young lives full of sunshine and beauty;
Think purely, speak kindly, act nobly, each day
With glad willing hearts do each little duty,
That when childhood is gone its sweetness may stay. —Exchange.



Her Home

A dove had a nest in a pepper-tree near the warehouse on a California ranch. A fire broke out in the warehouse and the pepper-tree caught fire. The flames drove the dove from her nest to a neighboring tree. Here she sat all the time the fire lasted, cooing in the saddest tones. When the fire was under control the dove was seen circling high in the air above the pepper-tree. She came nearer and nearer. The waves of heat rose all about the dove, but she would rise a little higher, and then again drop toward her nest. It was not burned, though the trunk and limbs of the tree were charred, the leaves burned off. At last the dove braved the heat, and flew down and settled on her nest. All the time her mate waited and called anxiously, but the little mother dove paid no attention. The heat-waves rose about her as she alighted in her nest, but she cooed contentedly as she settled on the eggs.



Something to Learn

In school we are taught quite a little about coral reefs, but in actual fact there is a great deal to learn about them which no one knows. The Royal Geographical Society of London has sent out an expedition, the purpose of which is to make borings through the coral reefs, and find out just how the coral reef grows.

The Home Club

The Housekeeper's Pencil

By Martha Clark Rankin

"How did our grandmothers ever get along when pencils and paper were not so cheap as at the present day?" asked a comely matron not long ago.

She wore a pencil and a small pad of paper suspended from her belt; and, as she went about her household duties, the two were brought into frequent use. First she jotted down the various articles to be ordered from the grocer, tearing the sheet from the pad and placing it on a hook in the kitchen. Then she wrote the programme of the cook's work for the day, leaving it where it could be easily read during the washing of the breakfast dishes. Directions for making the dessert were also written and left near the molding-board.

Fastened in the mirror of her own room I noticed a paper telling of her plans and engagements for the day; and on her desk a list of letters which should be written. She also showed me a schedule for a little reception which she was to give the next week; what refreshments were to be served, what dishes to be used, what changes to be made in the arrangement of the rooms.

"I woke up early this morning and planned it all out," she said; "then I wrote it down, and now I can dismiss it entirely from my mind until the day comes, which is a great relief. Now I must go upstairs and look up the children's spring clothing; for, if this mild weather continues, they will need it before many days."

Arrived on the third floor, it was evident that the pencil had done its work there, too. Pinned to the inside of each closet door was a list of the contents of the room; every box or trunk bore a similar statement of what might be found within, and each carefully wrapped package was plainly labeled.

"What an immense amount of work this must have been!" was my comment.

"Not half so much as it used to be before I had learned this method, when I had to handle over dozens of the wrong things in searching for some article needed at once," was the reply.

There was little difficulty in believing this statement, after watching the speed with which she discovered the things wanted, making it the work of only a few minutes to collect the spring outfit.

"Fortunately for them," I said, "our grandmothers didn't have the same need of pencils. Their houses were smaller, their possessions more limited, their entertainments more simple, their bill of fare less elaborate, so they probably never felt the lack of what you look upon as a necessity."

"You are doubtless right," was the response, "but since life has become so complex, I give thanks daily for cheap pencils and paper." And, after luncheon, when we were ready to go out for the afternoon, this thoughtful mother showed me another sheet which she put where the children would be sure to see it when they came home from school. It read: "Gone to make some calls, and to an afternoon tea at Mrs. Holbrook's; expect to be back at six; will James please take the package on the library table over to Aunt Kate's; he may stay till half-past five; Ruth must go to the dressmaker's at 4 o'clock, then go to Papa's office and come home with him."

"The package and the dressmaker I knew nothing about when the children left for school this morning," was her explanation, "and I have learned by sad experience that maids are quite as likely to get things wrong as right, and such messages bother them anyway. For accuracy and lack of trouble there is nothing like black and white."

Was it strange that, as we left the house, I felt that I had gained new ideas concerning the importance of the housekeeper's pencil?

A Knowledge of Foods

The relation of food and health is now a subject of interest to the student of economics. To know what a man eats is of importance if the investigation of his social condition is to

learn how he uses his money; what he earns is no more important than how he spends what he earns. If what he eats represents a minimum share of what he earns, his wage-earning powers are affected, his economic value is lessened. If food and shelter represent the largest expenditures in his expenses, he is struggling to maintain life at the highest point possible for him. If little is spent for these two things, extravagance in dress, dissipation, or wages so low as to make any effort except for the preservation of life at its lowest point impossible, is responsible. Our expenditures represent our standards of luxuries as well as of necessities. That families of workingmen in this country spend on food sums out of all proportion to the value received is accepted as a truth. Two kinds of ignorance are responsible: ignorance of food values—a common ignorance—and ignorance of how to prepare foods to retain the nutritive values. No one in this country has done more to eliminate ignorance on the food question than Professor Atwater. He has succeeded in arousing interest in Washington, and pamphlets on food values and the preparation of foods have been issued by the Government. These pamphlets can be secured by writing to the Department of Agriculture for them. The intelligent housekeeper will find them of inestimable value. The ultimate hope of the scientists interested in the study of foods is that such studies may be introduced in the schools. To teach the future housekeepers and wage-earners of the country the economic value of foods is to insure the comfort of that portion of the community which benefits directly from this knowledge. Recently an energetic, capable workingman's wife was anxious about the financial condition of a friend's family. "They seem so weak; how can they work all the time if they could get it?" was asked. "They look underfed."

"That's just it," was the response, with much energy. "There's no time taken to cook the food. It is got in a hurry, eaten in a hurry. It's the thing that will take the least time to cook that is bought, and *that always costs the most*." She summed up the problem of about fifty per cent. of the working people. Food is to allay hunger—that is the limit of the knowledge of the poor of food values; and it is the cause of the poverty and illness and physical incapacity of seven-eighths. Teach the girls what is in food, and how to cook foods, and the boys the value in dollars and cents of foods, and the Nation will take a long step forward in civilization. The August "Review of Reviews" has an article on "The People's Foods—A Great National Problem," that should be read by every intelligent housekeeper, and by every woman engaged in work among the poor. Part of it should be read in every kindergarten, mother class, and working-girls' club.

Cooking Classes

The popular interest in establishing cooking classes for the benefit of the children of the tenement-house districts (it is a pity that there is not more enthusiasm for establishing cooking classes for the mothers) is often dampened by the comparatively meager results obtained. A close study has given two reasons for the limited results—results that do not seem in proportion to the amount of money and labor expended. The first cause for cooking classes not being as successful as their projectors desire is that a great many so-called teachers know how to cook but do not know how to teach. It is one thing to know a thing one's self; it is quite a higher type of intelligence and training to teach what one knows to others. The cooking schools should always maintain a department of psychology. Very few Domestic Science Departments do this now. Another fault is that the cooking schools, as a rule, do not give practice to the students. Every teacher sent out from a cooking school should have with her one student from that school for observation and practice. It is perfectly discouraging to pay a cooking teacher and then to find that the children hang out of the windows, gather

together and talk over their own affairs, or gape and are listless, and manifest no enthusiasm in the work or in the teachers who are stolidly doing the cooking. All who have hired cooking teachers have had this experience at some time. As a knowledge of the cost in time and money of educating a cooking teacher is better known, more classes will be established and the income from the teaching will be more regular than at present. There will be co-operation on the part of different organizations to keep the same teacher employed when she adds to her knowledge of cooking the gift of teaching. The teachers who teach in the tenement-house regions should be more familiar than they are with the foods eaten by the poor man's family. Prejudice is roused at once if the teacher begins condemning the foods with which the people are familiar. There is no subject on which people are so conservative as on the food question; and this is true of all classes. Teach the poor how to cook better the foods they do know and use. The little leaven will work; will lead from the known to the unknown. The trouble is that so much of our philanthropic effort is undertaken without any pedagogic knowledge on the part of the projectors, and we have poor work done because those who pay for it have not the kind of knowledge that would demand a higher grade of work from those they employ. The same difficulty exists in the sewing schools. To teach sewing more than a knowledge of the course is necessary. What we need is a comprehension of the ignorance of many people as to the requirements and needs of those they endeavor to help, and, what perhaps is still more fatal, their ignorance of the type of mind necessary to success in teaching among the tenement-house poor. When we have higher standards on the part of the philanthropists the teachers engaged by them will be men and women of a higher type of intelligence, as well as training.

China-Marks

Dear Outlook: Kindly give me the title of the best book on china; the one that contains the most complete list of marks and means of identifying old china and earthenware. AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

"Ceramic Art," by Jennie Young, may answer your purpose. A book entitled "Rough Notes on Pottery" is announced for publication September 1. These books do not contain complete lists, but may answer your purpose.

Grape-Juice

Dear Outlook: Last fall you published a recipe for making unfermented grape-juice, sent by a contributor, but added the discouraging comment that, as the article could be procured in the market, it probably would not pay housekeepers to make it.

As it was then rather late in the season, I did not send the expostulation which I felt tempted to make, but as the grape season is almost here again, I want to say, as the result of many years' experience, that it will pay well in every way. In the first place, many physicians hesitate to prescribe the article in the market, because they think it contains salicylic acid in such quantities as to be injurious, and then one can make it *so much cheaper*, even when they buy their fruit at ordinary retail prices, that it will pay them for the work.

I am going to send you my recipe, because the one you published calls for too much sugar. Grape-sugar is present in such quantities as to require the addition of but very little cane-sugar.

Grape-Juice.—Cover Concord grapes with cold water (after removing from the stems and washing thoroughly in a colander), then boil until tender. Press the juice through a wire sieve, add to it one cup of sugar for every three quarts of juice, and place over the fire just long enough to come to a boil. Do not let the grapes cook too long in the first place, or any more than boil up the last time, or the flavor will be impaired. Bottle hot. You can procure bottles with patent stops, which materially lessens the labor.

For invalids this should be diluted one-half; for others serve with cracked ice.

I can furnish one or two recipes for using the juice in cooking, if any of your readers are interested.

X.

A thoughtful observer remarks that there are two classes of people whom it is hard to convince against their will—women and men.—*Rehoboth Sunday Herald.*

The Spectator

The Spectator has been wandering about town in the soon-to-be Greater New York. Included in his wanderings was the great East Side, where the sociologist and philanthropist finds his most interesting problems. It was a warm Sunday morning, just late enough for the children and fathers to get out of doors. It was astonishing how clean the children were. A child that did not give evidence of the attempt at a weekly bath and change of clothes was remarkable. Sunday wandering on the East Side had never revealed this attempt toward godliness before. The Spectator was puzzled; what did it mean? Light broke. It was that magician, Colonel Waring. His clean streets had regenerated the character of the people. Block after block was clean right in the heart of the great East Side—clean and dry. The saloons were closed. The emptying of water from buckets, and the water swept out from doors of saloons where the Sunday morning cleaning was in progress, was impossible under the Raines Law. The whole trend of life was upward, and the mothers were living up to the new environment. Here and there a drunken man lay stretched out asleep, with his head on a doorstep of a factory, school-house, or closed saloon. The children stood wondering at him for a moment, and then passed on. At the door of a stable, in hickory shirt and working clothes, lay a man of about thirty-five, asleep. The saloon from which, probably, he had been ejected was next door. He could not get home. A group of children stood looking at him. "It's Billy's papa," exclaimed a small girl; "let's tell him," and she turned to execute her neighborly intention. "Naw," said a small boy, taking her by the arm; "I told him, and he said he didn't care." "He'll wake up and go home himself," said a motherly-looking person of about eight, holding a baby by the hand. "He's all right," she added in comforting tones to the little Mary whose anxiety was evident. "He's in the shade." Experience is knowledge at eight, even.

Here are five houses which have, without doubt, been the homes of wealth and ease in the past. They are about twenty-seven feet wide, have extravagantly wide halls running from front to rear, with a generous door at either end. The stairs, wide and easy of ascent, go up from the first floor in an alcove, and are hidden from the doorways. This gives a clear wide hall that doubtless has sounded to the tread of the merry dance when fashion held court in this end of town. The houses retain to-day a mark of exclusiveness. Tall tenements are all about, with four families on a floor. These houses are so arranged that but one family can occupy each floor. The rents are \$18, \$20, \$15, \$12, for the first, second, third, and fourth floors respectively. The yards are surrounded by high fences in good order, painted brown, and well paved, every inch, with flagging stones. Two of the yards have each a tree. If one of the children living in these houses goes into these yards to play, the housekeeper, living in the top of the middle house, shouts out, "Get right out of there!" and he "gets out." The yards are speckless.

The Spectator made his call, and, as the yard was shaded by the house at that hour, suggested that the two little ones should go out there to play. There was a roaring fire in the kitchen. A look of absolute amazement came into the mother's face as she exclaimed, "Why, she'd make an awful row! She don't let the children in the yard; she says they dirty it." "Do you mean you cannot let the children out there to play?" "Yes; yesterday it was so hot I gave the baby a spoon and a cup, and told him to go out there. He dug between the stones with the spoon, and she came right down and drove him in."

A few blocks away is one of the city's corporation yards. A half-dozen trees are in this yard, which is right on the river front. It would be a bit of paradise if only the people

could have it as a park. A high board fence incloses it. In the open space between the fence and the river are ice-carts owned by a company paying large dividends. These ice-carts are used as lodging-houses by the homeless men and women who know of this, to them, convenience. A number of boilers so placed that the furnaces provide shelters for the same class are also here. Pools of stagnant water had formed in the street, because the space on which the wagons, old carts, and boilers stood is several inches higher than the grade of the street. The municipal authorities are responsible for this condition, for the bid for indecency and immorality is the natural result of providing this shelter. The breeze blew fresh and free from the river, but no woman dare go with her child to enjoy it, because of the risk she ran of insult or worse.

The Spectator took a ferryboat two blocks away for Brooklyn. The ferry-house was crowded—men, women, and children, young men and maidens, all dressed in their best. There was a certain unconventionality in dress and manners, but the general effect was one of comfort and enjoyment. Boxes and bundles told that the crowd was on its way to some of the seashore resorts now reached for one car-fare on the Brooklyn side. The Spectator did not hear a word of English until he got into a corner near a group of young people. German, German everywhere. Babies cried, it seemed to him, in German. The Spectator wishes he were a woman, or, more truly, that he had a woman's ability to describe dress. He knows this—that the discord in colors affected his temper; that the plainest women wore the most remarkable hats; that the women with the muddiest complexions wore the most dainty colors; that the dresses for the most part were of flimsy material; that, on the whole, the manners of the men were more refined than the manners of the women, and their voices very much more refined. The men were saved from vulgarity by the limit of choice in the matter of clothes. The Spectator wondered whether, if the women were compelled to wear suits of one color, and those of quiet, refined colors; their manners would not be greatly improved. He found himself blaming big hats, with brims of many bends and feathers rampant, for the voices and uncouth, aggressive manners of many of the women, especially of the young girls. Was he right? All the good nature disappeared as the boat touched the opposite shore. It was just a scrambling mob, each trying to get off the boat first and on to the waiting cars. Families were separated, children able to walk scrambling into the wrong seats, or even wrong cars; fathers and mothers shouted confusing directions. Those who were uncertain as to their route hurled questions at the conductors. At last separated families were united, and a degree of calmness and good nature settled over the people, and the cars started with men and even women standing on the steps clutching the hand-rails. Calm and quiet, too unconcerned to even note the struggling mass of people, were four Italian women, sitting on the stoop of a factory with Doric columns telling the history of its metamorphosis from home to factory. These women were what Whistler would call a symphony in blue. Every shade of blue was to be found in their combined toilets. There was no attempt at harmony of shading in the individual toilets; massed, the effect was not bad. They sat a mass of color against a harmonious background of browns, wrought out to the rich bronzes by the piles of rusty iron, the refuse of the factory, piled on what was formerly the courtyard of the old mansion when the grounds sloped to the river.

Crossing Spitzbergen

European dispatches state that the Arctic expedition headed by Sir Martin Conway has accomplished the first crossing of Spitzbergen from east to west. In the central portion of the islands was found a vast ice plateau.

Sir Martin Conway's expedition reached Advent Bay, Spitzbergen, from England, via Tromsø, on the steamship Raftsund, June 20.

The members of the expedition were Sir Martin Conway and his nephew, Mr. Trevor Battie, Dr. J. M. Gregory, Mr. E. J. Garwood, and Mr. Studley, a sportsman. They had two Norwegian ponies and three sledges of the pattern adopted by Nansen.

The explorers proposed to split up into two parties. Sir Martin Conway, Garwood, and another intended to go into the interior, while the three remaining members were to stay on the coast to geologize and collect birds and eggs. Sir Martin Conway had made arrangements to be taken off with his companions about September 5, and it will thus be seen that the expedition has returned sooner than expected.

Old Plymouth Days and Ways

The years 1608 and 1896, Scrooby and Plymouth, the Puritan maid and the end-of-the-century girl—these are the contrasts which Plymouth offers this week, and to which, as to a shrine, the New England pilgrim is flocking.

So pricketh hem nature in here corages:
Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And specially from every schires ende
Of Engelonds nave, to Plymouth town they wende.

The town is crowded with Brewsters, Bradfords, and Standishes, and what setting could be more attractive for this procession of Pilgrim sons and daughters than old Plymouth? From the high bluff of the old burial-ground where the first fort was planted, the bay stretches before us brilliant and blue. Below us lies the first street ever laid out in New England, now called Leyden Street. By the aid of the Progonorama and photographer, as well as of a plan preserved in the Pilgrim Hall, we are able to get an exact idea of the first Plymouth. Eight tiny houses with thatched roofs and queer bulging oven chimneys line the street, behind which flows the "very sweet brooke" of the Pilgrims. Governor Bradford's house stands in solitary grandeur, with stockade and inclosure of its own, across the way. The names of the owners as well as the positions of the houses have all been preserved.

The charming old Winslow house is thrown open, the family having moved out to give us an opportunity to study a typical old colonial house of the best kind. Having been built in England, the rooms are large, the ceilings high, unlike many that we often see. The simple, stately furniture of other days stands in the drawing-room, in which Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson, a daughter of the house, was married. Across the wide, generous hall, with its carved white staircase, is a quaint collection of other-time curiosities—luster-cups, uniforms, and calèches, near the tithingman's pole used to admonish transgressors such as those of whom we read: "Fine—to be paid by Deborah Bangs for larking in Wareham Meeting House in time of Publick Worship, 5 shillings lawful monie. Tommie Jones, at same time for like offense, 10 shillings."

In the dining-room Puritan maidens, looking very bewitching in the regulation kerchief and cap, serve sandwiches and Russian tea.

At half-past two the pageant begins; the Armory is so crowded that many are turned away. The hall is lined with booths at which "descendants" dispense ice-cream and retail Puritan dolls.

By the aid of an English artist and a clever woman whom I shall have to call a "poseuse" for want of a name for a career which she has created, a series of living pictures is presented, at the same moment idealistic and realistic, if such a combination is possible. We see Scrooby village, a dance of Dutch Puritan girls and boys, the wedding at which, as tradition has it, Governor Bradford and Alice Carpenter, John Alden and Priscilla, and two other couples were married. When we realize that the descendants of these people are before us, that it is actually Myles Standish's grandson, in the seventh or eighth generation, that rises to toast the descendant of the real Priscilla, we feel that for once the real and the ideal are one; and as we jostle against Aldens in a trolley-car we rub our eyes and say: "Lawk a mercy on me, this is none of I!"

J. DU B. ROBERTS.

August, 1896.

Correspondence

The Political Situation

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The spirit in which The Outlook has discussed the present political situation in our country is admirable. A strong protest against sectional prejudice and violent language was needed, and you have uttered it. This is no time for vituperation. Hard names break no bones, but they often lead to bone-breaking and blood-shedding. The great problem of our National future is not to be solved in the heated atmosphere of enmity and passion. The appeal to reason is our only hope. The journals which keep their temper and their good sense through the coming campaign will be able to render a great service to our country.

But in order to be dispassionate it is not necessary to be doubtful. Firmness and fairness are not hostile qualities. Clear convictions may be expressed in calm words. I hope that The Outlook will make its position just as distinct and unmistakable as its spirit. I trust that it will leave no room for doubt about the side on which it stands in the present crisis.

Bimetallism is not the question at issue. Both parties have declared in favor of the use of gold and silver as money. The difference between them is the difference between honest bimetallism and dishonest bimetallism. Money is the international medium of exchange. The Democratic platform has declared in favor of the instant repudiation of all the obligations which are created by the existence of such an international medium. It proposes to disregard the ties which bind us to the other peoples of the civilized world, and, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation, to reduce our money to about one-half of its present value by the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the false and arbitrary ratio of 16 to 1. The actual ratio is almost 32 to 1. To compel a creditor to accept sixteen ounces of silver in lieu of an ounce of gold is to deprive him of one-half of that which justly belongs to him. A falsehood by legislation is just as bad as a plain lie. The Democratic proposal may be perfectly sincere, but it is none the less unrighteous. The Republican platform, on the contrary, proposes as its first aim the full and square payment of every debt in money which shall be good all over the civilized world. It proposes also to seek such an agreement among nations as shall secure the common coinage of gold and silver at a fair and firmly established ratio, so that a white dollar shall be worth just as much as a yellow one. The point at issue between the Republicans and the Democrats in the present contest is as plain as a pikestaff. They may be equally earnest and candid in their contentions, but they are not equally intelligent nor equally just. The Republicans put the National honor and good faith first, and the coinage of silver second. The Democrats put the coinage of silver first, and overlook the question of financial integrity altogether.

But this is not the only difference between the two parties. The Democrats have embodied in their platform a number of proposals which are directly dangerous to the strength and stability of the National Government. They have virtually declared that it must never interfere to prevent disorder and violence, even when they amount to insurrection and paralyze the industry and commerce of the Nation. They have expressed a purpose to revolutionize the Supreme Court, and to bring the administration of law, as far as possible, under the control of popular elections. They have aimed a fatal blow at the principle of civil service reform by protesting against the life-tenure of any office. These declarations point in the direction of disorder and anarchy. The men who make them aver that their intentions are good. But good intentions do not sanctify evil counsel. Sincere fanatics have accomplished most of the harm that has been done in the world. An attack upon public order and security must be resisted, no matter how pious and well-meaning its advocates may be.

But look for a moment at the spirit and temper in which the Democrats and their allies have conducted the campaign thus far. Is it sober and serious and reverent? Is it calculated to inspire confidence and respect? The speech by which their candidate for the Presidency won his nomination contained a sentence in which the crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ was used as a grotesque political metaphor. This irreverent piece of rhetoric was welcomed with wild enthusiasm, and the most sacred emblems of religious faith, the cross and the crown of thorns, were degraded into the insignia of a partisan strife for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1. It may be said that this is only a trifle. But it is one of those trifles which reveal character. It speaks of the confusion of reckless and unbalanced minds. It is the unconscious confession of men who are insensible to reverence, and therefore unfit for power.

The present crisis, it seems to me, has brought us

face to face with vital issues in which the formal divisions of parties must be disregarded. The conventional meaning of the names "Republican" and "Democrat" fades out in the intensity of this new conflict. The strife of to-day goes deeper. It involves the questions of righteousness and justice and social order. Since my first vote was cast in 1876 I have never voted anything but a Democratic Presidential ticket. But this year I feel bound to vote for McKinley and Hobart, because I love the honor and security of my country more than the success of a party which has followed blind guides.

Doubtless Mr. Bryan is a man of personal purity and piety. He may be an excellent Presbyterian, and fit for a high place in private life. But he is not fit to guide the destinies of this great Nation. For he has consented to stand on a platform which is an embodiment of unwisdom and rashness and disorder. Among his closest allies and supporters are foolish and reckless men, the followers of the wildest social and political theories, unworthy of the confidence of friends of law and order. And his success would gravely imperil the peace and prosperity and integrity of our country. This is no time for vituperation, it is true. But neither is it a time for dubious and uncertain speech. I hope that The Outlook will make its position so clear that not one of its thousands of readers can fail to see where it stands and what it thinks in regard to the principles represented by the two men—one of whom must be the Chief Magistrate of the United States.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

[See editorial comment elsewhere.]

What Would be the Result?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It is always well to look before one leaps. From the standpoint of the silent but immutable principles of finance, let us in the briefest manner outline the logical results which would follow unlimited silver coinage. It may at once be granted that, after a mintage of three or four years, there would be a general inflation, or, in other words, an apparent rise of prices.

All kinds of commodities would *nominally* rise, but what of the man who has no commodities? After a long readjustment the property of the millionaire would be doubled (not really, but apparently), and the man who had nothing would have just twice nothing. "Free silver" would, therefore, greatly increase the present relative inequality in the distribution of wealth. After much delay wages and salaries would apparently double, like everything else, but they are always the slowest in readjustment. Long before that time every commodity that the laboring man needs would have doubled in price, and therefore his position would be worse than before. The ultimate results would, therefore, bear heavily against the interests of the laboring man and all salaries, and also would be adverse to all small producers.

But even the above outlined comparative favorable conditions could come only after a long intermediate period of revolution and disorganization. Let us now for a moment consider some of the immediate effects of the proposed plunge. What would they be?

1. The most severe financial crisis known to history.
2. The rise of gold to a premium and its immediate disappearance as money, thereby making an immense contraction and shrinkage.
3. The impairment of all American credit and a deluge of our securities from abroad, to be sold at once, thereby causing a corresponding and sympathetic decline in all home securities.
4. A great fall in labor values during the transitional period.
5. A dumping of the silver of the world upon "Uncle Sam," and silver monometallism assured.
6. A rise of all imported goods approximately towards one hundred per cent., corresponding to the advance in foreign exchange.

After the last-named conditions were finally survived, those first mentioned would become somewhat permanent, but it could not be until three or four years' mintage of silver had at length filled the vacuum made by the displaced gold. Still after that, the greatly stimulated production of silver would cause an ever-increasing decadence from the standard of all other first-class nations. It may be noted that wages are insufferably low among all nations that are upon a silver basis.

Both the declining rate of interest and the statistical increase of circulating medium *per capita*, during the past two decades, are proof that money has not grown scarcer. It is true that agricultural products have declined, but this is directly due to the rapidly increasing competition with the cheap labor of Australia, Argentina, and India in the markets of the world.

The scarcity to-day is not in money, but in confidence. The fear of a silver basis caused the panic



of 1893, and has made business drag ever since. Bad credit, whether for an individual State or nation, is also the worst possible policy, to say nothing of principle.

We already have a practical bimetallism, if that be construed as meaning two metals in liberal supply. In no age or country can there be such a concurrent circulation unless the dearer be made the standard, and then a liberal but varying amount of the inferior metal can be floated at a parity.

HENRY WOOD.

Boston, August 1, 1896.

Prices and Money

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your editorial on the Democratic platform, in your issue of July 18, I notice the following statement: "With the statement that the demonetization of silver has resulted in a great fall of prices and in corresponding depression and distress The Outlook is in fullest sympathy."

I think that a close examination of facts will show to any one that the fall of prices of manufactured products and products of the farm is due to several causes, but mainly to the adoption of labor-saving machinery, and also to over-production.

If the passage of the Resumption Act of 1873 is responsible for the present depression in business, why did it take so long for the harm to be felt? The period from 1873 to 1892 was the most prosperous that the country has ever seen.

We have seen in that time high prices and low prices. We have seen the Nebraska farmer sell his corn for 50 cents per bushel, and we have seen him burn it for fuel, but in our ignorance we thought that this condition was due entirely to the question of supply and demand. If this is not so, why have high prices ever obtained since 1873?

If there is more corn and wheat and pork raised in the country than the people can eat, and at the same time a large supply of the same products are raised in other parts of the world, I do not see that the

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The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

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making of a lot of money by the Government is going to enhance the value of such commodities.

The fact of it is, the silver purchase law has been the "bête noire" of the business interests of the country, and, together with over-production, has led up to our present pitiable state.

When the silver purchase law was repealed there seemed to be light ahead, and by the fall of 1895 there was a marked revival of business; factories that were running on part time began to run on full time, wages were restored, prices advanced in almost every line, and everything pointed to good times.

Then Congress assembled, and it was hoped that some remedial financial legislation might be secured, but it was soon found that the country was in the control of the silver men and that no laws could pass without their consent.

As soon as this condition of affairs became evident, the prospects of a prosperous season vanished, and now we are helpless until the silver question is settled next November.

The fact of it is, neither gold nor silver has any vested rights as money, and no one wants to use either in business transactions, but all of our values are based upon what the piece of metal called the dollar contains in gold, that being simply the yard-stick by which the whole world measures things, and gold varies the least in price of any money metal.

What our products of the factory, the farm, the mine (including silver and gold mines) are worth as compared with the unit of value depends altogether upon the law of supply and demand, and there is bound to be a gradual decrease in prices of commodities so long as human ingenuity lasts, and if you attempt to make any nation guarantee to maintain the price of anything you will ruin that government sooner or later.

T. J. P.

An Anecdote about Mr. Beecher

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

In the summer of 1858 or 1859, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Grant, of Iona Island, and the editor of a horticultural journal published in New York, called upon me at Rochester. I was then a member of the firm of Henry E. Hooker & Co., Commercial Nurseries, of that city. I asked Mr. Beecher if he would like to meet a thoroughly educated Scotch gardener who had thirty years' experience in the management of greenhouses, forcing-houses, and the care of lawns and outdoor gardens. He replied that he would be most happy to meet such a man. I then went with him to the ground of the late Selah Matthews, a renowned lawyer of Rochester. As we went in search of John Craig, the gardener, we passed through the house for forcing grapes, the cold vinery, the orchard-house, and the plant-house, and finally found Mr. Craig in the potting-room, busily engaged in mixing potting earth with his hands. He was a very modest, retiring man, and as we came upon him as a surprise, he rather fell back when I introduced Mr. Beecher. The great-hearted man stepped forward and grasped him by the hand, disregarding the fact that it was covered with the soil he had been mixing, and shook it so warmly that Mr. Craig was at his ease at once. Dr. Grant, who ranked at that time among horticulturists with Charles Downing, Patrick Barry, of Rochester, and Marshall P. Wilder, of Boston, gave Mr. Craig the same hearty reception. The young editor, who had a smattering of horticultural knowledge gained from books, rather hesitated to take hold of the soiled hand.

In passing through the grounds and glass houses Mr. Beecher observed their condition, and realized that he was going to converse with an expert in horticulture, and therefore, immediately after the introduction was over, seemed to stretch out his knowledge-seeking trunk as an elephant drinks water, and began to pump Mr. Craig with questions. The operation continued for an hour or more. Dr. Grant stood by and quietly listened, while the young editor constantly interfered and raised objections to Mr. Craig's answers. Mr. Beecher would raise his hand and beckon him to be quiet—something as one would if a fly was annoying him in summer time. I stood by and watched the operation with wonder and admiration. Mr. Beecher was gathering food and storing it away to digest and assimilate and give out to his parishioners. He was so cordial with Mr. Craig that he relieved him from all embarrassment, and he gave forth his answers with freedom and pleasure and great clearness. Plant after plant was taken up in the greenhouses, and its habits discussed, as well as those of the fruits in pots in the orchard-house. The parting was as cordial as the reception, or more so. Mr. Craig realized that he was appreciated by the great preacher, and Mr. Beecher recognized the fact that he had been receiving knowledge from a well-trained horticulturist and florist. It was a lesson to me, then a young man, having just passed my majority, that I have never forgotten, and the picture of one of the greatest teachers of men ever born sitting at the feet of a

plain, unpretending, unassuming gardener as a pupil is one I shall never forget.

FRANCIS WAYLAND GLEN.

Notes and Queries

1. What was Paul's thorn in the flesh? Give Scripture to prove your point. 2. Where was Jesus's spirit after he expired on the cross until he was risen from the dead? Give Scriptural proof. 3. Are there degrees in hell? or, in other words, does the man who trusts in his own works for salvation, who is a good moral man, suffer the same punishment as the man who murders his family? 4. Do you believe in sinless perfection in this life? If not, what does Paul mean in Gal. ii., 19, 20? 5. What does Paul mean in Rom. vii., 17? 6. How many volumes are there in Dr. Abbott's Commentary on the New Testament, and what is the price of it in cloth to ministers? Do you sell them to ministers on the monthly payment plan? 7. Was the old Jewish Church done away with at the coming of Christ and a new Church set up, or was the old Church extended with new ordinances? Give Scripture proof. 8. What does Paul mean in I Cor. ix., 27? 9. Do you understand John xv., 6, to mean a man that was once regenerated and fell from grace? X.

1. It has been supposed to have been some physical infirmity, perhaps in the eyes; there is no positive proof of this. 2. In Hades, or the place of departed spirits, though, of course, the locality of this is beyond our knowledge. See Luke xxiii., 43; I Pet. iii., 19, 20. 3. We do not think that any one who can be called "a good moral man," however deficient in theological religion, goes to hell. That there are degrees of future retribution is shown by Matt. xi., 21-24; Luke xii., 47, 48. 4. We have never seen it. Still we believe it is attainable. See Ephesians iv., 13. Paul means that he is controlled by the filial spirit of Christ rather than by the legal spirit of one who feels that he is a servant rather than a son of God. 5. This is a somewhat imaginative expression. Paul conceives of the man who is temporarily overcome by sin as being hardly himself, and his action as due to the evil power that for the time sways him. 6. There are six at present. We do not have them on sale. They are sold at \$1.50 each by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 7. The Christian Church is to be regarded as an outgrowth and development of the Jewish Church. See Romans xi., 16-18. The Jewish Church can be said to have been "done away" only in the sense that the power of religious growth passed over from it into the Christian Church. 8. He means that without constant effort to grow in grace a man falls back into sin, with danger to his soul. 9. It certainly implies that such a thing is possible.

Please give your opinion of "The Bible for Learners," by the Rev. Drs. H. Oort, I. Hooykaas, and A. Kuenen, divines of Holland. Are they generally considered competent critics, and their views of the Bible shared by the evangelical scholars of Holland? A. L. P.

It is a work in which free critical reconstruction reaches its high-water mark. On the Continent of Europe, as here, scholars of "evangelical" views regard its conclusions as extreme. While not willing to go all lengths with its authors, we regard them, however, as nearer the truth than the traditional views which they aim to supersede.

Please recommend to me a book giving a short, popular, but yet scholarly account of the Hebrew religion. I refer to a book which traces the growth of the Hebrew religion through the Mosaic code, the time of the Judges, the time of David, and the time of the Prophets to the Christian era. F. N. L.

Perhaps you will find Professor C. H. Toy's "Old Testament Primer" (designed for Sunday-schools) to answer your purpose as fully as any book on the subject. (Unitarian Sunday-School Society, Boston. 50 cents.)

Please explain the terms Populism, Socialism, Anarchism, as defined by the adherents of each party. G. D. Y.

The Populists believe in the public control of certain industries in which competition no longer regulates charges.

The Socialists believe in the public control of all industries, from post-offices to green-groceries.

The Anarchists believe in no public control whatever.

Kindly inform me if Herr Most is for the gold standard and the name of his paper. I wish to send for a certain copy, and will be greatly obliged for the information. X.

Herr Most supports the gold standard. In a recent editorial in "Der Freiheit" he puts the silver question "in a nutshell" as follows:

In the far West an unusually large amount of silver has been found during the past twenty-five years, so that the market value has been reduced fifty per cent. This, of course, did not suit the owners of the silver-mines, and they forced the Government to coin a large number of silver dollars. If this had continued, silver dollars would have decreased in value much more, and the result would have been a panic in business and trade. The Government was compelled to put a stop to all this in order to maintain the gold standard. The result was a regular



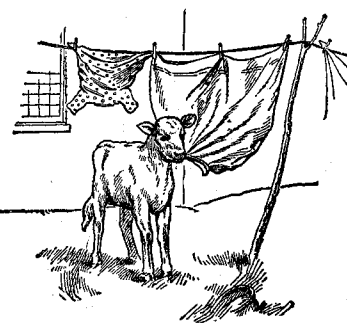
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uproar among the silverites, and because the people, of this country are the biggest fools, in the world they took up the cry of the mine-owners for the unlimited coinage of silver.

"F. R." asks for information about the Society of Mayflower Descendants. 1. In December, 1894, the Society of Mayflower Descendants was organized in New York. The secretary is Edward L. Norton, No. 228 West Seventy-fifth Street, New York. 2. There is another society having the following title, New England Society Mayflower Descendants, with headquarters at New London, Conn. The secretary and treasurer is Laurence W. Miner, of that city. The latter society has made a rapid growth and bids fair to be the strongest representative body of the descendants of the Mayflower. New England was the original home of that noble band. In New England are the records of their achievements, and there should be the rendezvous for the thousands who are descended from them. W. L. M.

Can any one tell just how the beginning of the hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," was worded in the original text? In an old singing-book, the "Shawm," published about 1850 by W. B. Bradbury and Lowell Mason, I find the words arranged as a chant, and beginning "Send kindly light amid the encircling gloom." It is not a petition addressed to the Light, but to God, and the difference, in both sense and grammar, is obvious. I imagine that the last is the correct reading, and that the common rendering came through an error in either MS. or type, the words "Send" and "Lead" being easily mistaken for each other. M. W. B.

Will some one inform me where I can find the poem, "Children's Crusade," beginning,
"Seven centuries number since that forgotten day,
When out of Cologne's fair city the children marched away."
A. M. R.



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About People

—At an inquest recently held in London it came out that there is a Rudyard Place, Kipling Street, somewhere in the neighborhood of Bermondsey.

—The statue of Cardinal Newman which the University of Oxford declined to receive has been set up on a vacant plot of ground adjoining the Cardinal's house at the Brompton Oratory.

—The veteran German rope-dancer, Kirie, who has just died at the age of seventy-seven, performed on the tight-rope a week before his death. He was celebrated outside of his profession as the father of thirty-five children.

—The tomb of M. Stambuloff, ex-Premier of Bulgaria, who was assassinated a year ago, has been seriously damaged by a dynamite bomb. This is the second time that enemies of the Bulgarian statesman have shown their malignity since his death.

—Harvard, says the Boston "Transcript," is honored in the honor to Professor Charles R. Lanman, who has been elected in Calcutta to be an honorary member of the Asiatic Society at Bengal. Professor Lanman's distinguished work in connection with his position as Professor of Sanskrit at Harvard, since his earliest visit to India, has brought to him this recognition from the oldest and most famous of all existing Oriental societies. The "Nation" calls attention to the fact that there are but thirty honorary members of the Calcutta Society, and among them are names like Cowell and Max Müller.

—The Rev. W. E. Clarke, of Apia, Samoa, thinks that the religious side of Robert Louis Stevenson's character has not received due recognition. He says that on every Sunday night Mr. Stevenson conducted family worship, in which a chapter from the Samoan Bible was read verse by verse by the members of the household, followed by the Lord's Prayer from the English Prayer-Book; then one of the Samoans prayed in the vernacular, and, finally, Mr. Stevenson read a prayer which he himself had composed during the week. Mr. Clarke states, moreover, that Mr. Stevenson was a regular attendant at the English Church, and he characterizes him as "a deeply religious man," speaking from the most intimate acquaintance.

—Dr. Max Nordau's name was originally Dudfield, and Nordau was at first simply a pseudonym, which, with the consent of his father, he afterward legally assumed. He lives in Paris above a wine-shop, and here is his description of his modes of work: "I spend my days in paying visits to my clients, and receiving visitors. In the intervals I attend to my journalistic duties, for I am the Paris correspondent of the 'Vossische Zeitung,' of Berlin, and I also contribute to the 'Frankfurter Zeitung,' writing on all subjects. It is not till after dinner, that is to say, at about half-past eight, that I sit down to my table to write my books. I then work till eleven o'clock, or midnight, as the inspiration goes. When I set pen to paper I am as sure of the last word of what I am going to write as I am of the first. But I find it hard to sufficiently concentrate my mind at first, and the work of the first hour is about equal to the work of a quarter of an hour later."

—In regard to the statement in an Australian newspaper that "Rudyard Kipling landed on this island at twelve o'clock, and at twelve o'clock he had formulated an Australian policy," Mr. Kipling makes the following explanation: "A young reporter cornered me just after I landed. I treated him kindly, but said firmly that I was not to be interviewed. 'I have not thought of interviewing you,' replied the reporter, with a sadness in his voice: 'I ask a much greater favor than that.' It turned out that the reporter had an Australian policy which he knew would be of the greatest benefit to the country. No paper would print it. His modest request was that Kipling would let him put forth his theory as the scheme of the novelist. 'They will print it,' he said, 'if I give it as coming from you.' 'All right,' agreed Kipling, 'fire ahead.' So the young reporter got in four mortal columns telling the people of Australia how to govern their country. 'I never read the article,' said Kipling;

'but there must have been amazing theories in it from the storm it raised.'"

—The Boston "Transcript" says: "The correct way to write or print the name of the coming ambassador from China is Li Hung-chang. By Chinese custom the surname—in this case Li—comes first. The ambassador should, therefore, be called his excellency Li—other suitable designations being Earl Li or the Grand Secretary Li. The two syllables Hung and Chang belong together and constitute the 'given name.' In a word, the Chinese order of the different parts of a person's name is the logical order, such as we ourselves adopt in a directory or a catalogue. According to the Chinese arrangement, the late Mr. Lowell's name would stand 'Lowell James Russell,' and to speak of Li as 'Li Hung,' or more briefly as 'Chang'—which has sometimes been done of late—is about as absurd as it would be to say 'Lowell James' or simply 'Russell.' The vowels in Chinese names should be given the Italian values, *i.e.*, the name of Li is pronounced as if spelled Lee Hong-chang (ā as in 'father.')

Chicago's Public Library

The recently issued annual report of the Chicago Public Library makes an interesting showing. The home circulation of books during the year has been 1,173,586 volumes, which breaks the world's record for free circulating libraries. This enormous figure results from the system of delivery stations which have been gradually built up during the past twenty years, and which makes it possible for people in all parts of the city to draw books upon short notice without going very far from their homes. Another million or so of books have been drawn from the library to be consulted without being taken home. These statistics show that the library has been exceptionally successful in the performance of its function as a purveyor of reading for the people. Even more satisfactory than this aggregate showing is the classified statement which tells the kinds of books that are most in demand. Every librarian of a large collection of books has to struggle against the novel-reading tendencies of the public, and does his best to minimize the percentage of fiction consumed. In Chicago this percentage has been steadily falling, and is now nearly down to forty, as against the seventy or eighty of a score of years ago. There is, of course, a good deal of fiction among the books classified as "juvenile" (21 per cent.) and "foreign languages" (10 per cent.), but, allowing for this, the gain is still remarkable, and shows a noticeable improvement in the taste of the reading public. The library now contains 217,203 volumes, and the number would be much larger had not the purchases of recent years been restricted by the cramped quarters provided for the collection. A considerable expansion may be expected when the library takes possession of its new building next year—an event awaited with much interest by those who want to use the collection for more serious purposes than those of desultory entertainment. Hitherto the reference accommodations provided have been wretchedly inadequate, and a great improvement in this respect may be looked for.—*Harper's Weekly.*

[PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT]

The Friends School, at Providence, R. I., is a very interesting and suggestive place for parents to visit who have children to educate. It is beautifully situated in an eastern suburb of the city, in the midst of stately trees. It is thoroughly complete in all of its appointments of library, chemical laboratory, astronomical observatory, mineral cabinet, fine studio, and beautiful apartments, ventilated with forced air and lighted throughout with the most approved electric lamps. The walls of the rooms are attractive by reason of the extraordinary number of fine pictures exhibited on them, which are intended to contribute to the unconscious education of children in every healthful direction. The teachers are of the first quality and of long experience in the various departments. Its athletic record is creditable. It is fully abreast with modern progressive education, with all the advantages which follow from more than a century of faithful service. The School secured a diploma and medal for excellence in wood-carving at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. Its fine marbles and paintings alone make it worthy of a visit, if there were no other attraction. It welcomes all interested persons to an inspection of its means and methods.

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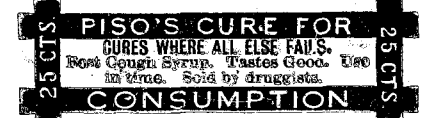


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A Family Paper

New Series of The Christian Union

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Bits of Fun

"I second the motion," said the man on the rear of the tandem.—*Yale Record*.

A coroner's jury in Maine reported that "Deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."—*Buffalo News*.

Builder—Aren't you afraid of having your tools stolen when you leave them lying around so carelessly? Carpenter—Don't you worry. All those things will be found in your bill.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Wallace—Do you believe in signs? Ferry—Some; when you see a woman driving south and looking east it is a pretty sure sign that she means to turn to the west at the first corner.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

An Irishman in the Museum of Fine Arts was looking at the Morse collection, and said to his companion: "Mike, will ye luk at all them pots from Japan! What a counthry that must be for mustard!"—*Boston Transcript*.

The man who sent \$5 last week in answer to an advertisement, promising to tell how to make \$1 go as far as \$5, got his answer yesterday. It was a small card, on which was neatly printed, "Mail both to San Francisco."—*Somerville Journal*.

At Newport.—Mrs. Coldplunks—What has become of Clara? Mr. Coldplunks—She has gone driving with the Count Von Zweibier. Mrs. Coldplunks—Mercy! There are so many of these counts! I do hope he is of good family!—*Puck*.

Precious Time.—Mrs. Wheeler—My husband and I decided not to go to Europe, because it takes too long to get there. Mrs. Jones—Too long? Mrs. Wheeler—Yes; fancy being unable to use one's wheel for six or seven days!—*Puck*.

"Do you sell good, honest goods, my man?" asked the fussy man. "Well," said the baker, thoughtfully rubbing flour on the end of his nose, "I have an idea that the soda crackers are square, but, to tell you the truth, I am almost sure that the pretzels are crooked."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"I don't yike you, Aunt Jennie," said Wilbur, after his aunt had interfered with some cherished idea he had in mind. "An' if you don't let me alone, I'll save up my pottet money an' buy a tapir." "A what?" asked his aunt. "A tapir," said Wilbur. "An' tapirs, they eat ants!"—*Harper's Round Table*.

"I am tired to death," declared Mrs. Matronly, as she reached home from down town the other evening. "What's the matter?" asked her husband. "Been having baby's picture taken. They have a way of taking them instantaneously now, you know." "How long were you at it?" "Three hours and a half."—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Coming Shakespeare.—Mrs. Chaffie—I'm afraid there's something the matter with

Johnnie. Mr. Chaffie—What makes you think so? Mrs. Chaffie—He sits in a corner all day, and doesn't say anything to anybody. Either he is going to be a great poet, or he is going to have the measles. I can't decide which it is.—*Texas Sifter*.

A Western Judge, sitting in chambers, seeing from the piles of papers in the lawyer's hands that the first case was likely to be hotly contested, asked: "What is the amount in question?" "Two dollars," said the plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the judge, handing over the money. "Call the next case." He had not the patience of Sir William Grant, who, after listening for two days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of a certain act, quietly observed when they had done: "That act has been repealed."—*Boston Transcript*.

The Western Indians, although not fond of work, do not approve of indolent white men. The "heap good white man," in their estimation, is the white man who works hard; and to sit by and watch him as he toils seems to afford them never-failing pleasure. Some young "warriors" of the Blackfeet tribe sat in the shade one day, watching a group of laborers who were constructing a grade for a branch road in Montana. They were commenting upon the workmen and their work, when a bicyclist, the first that they had ever seen, came riding along the newly completed grade. He had got off the train at the last station, and was going to the fort a little further on. The Indians watched the wheelman without a word until he passed beyond a knoll which hid him from view; then they expressed their sentiments concerning him. "No good white man," one remarked. "No," answered another with great scorn; "heap lazy white man—sits down to walk."—*Youth's Companion*.

Mr. L., a good-natured German, was the proprietor of a clothing business in a country town. He had in his employ one John S., whom he had advanced from cash-boy to head clerk. Since his promotion, John had several times asked for a raise in his salary, and each time his request had been granted. One morning John again appeared at the old merchant's desk with another request for an increase of ten dollars per month. "Vy, Shon," said Mr. L., "I dink I bays you pooty vell alretty; vat for I bays you any more?" "Well," replied John, confidently, "I am your principal help here. I know every detail of the business, and, indeed, I think you could not get along without me." "Is that so?" exclaimed the German. "Doonder Shon, vot voud I do suppose you vas to die?" "Well," hesitated John, "I suppose you would have to get along without me then." The "old man" took several whiffs from his big pipe and said nothing. At last he remarked: "Vell, Shon, I guess you petter consider yourself dead."—*Australia Business Journal*.

A Great Historic Tablet

Last winter, writes Professor Petrie in "The Century," I was permitted to excavate along a part of the ruin-strewn desert at Thebes, and to examine the sites of temples which stand there. On these few furlongs I found that there had been seven temples of the kings of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, about 1450-1150 B.C. Most of these I entirely cleared out; the largest piece of all—the great buildings around the Ramesseum—being the clearance of the Egyptian Research Account worked by Mr. Quibell. Each site gave us some return in information or objects; but the most valuable of the sites, as it proved, was one of the least inviting. A field of stone chips showed where the funeral temple of Merenptah had stood; and, left in the ruins, I found the great granite tablet bearing the long inscription of Merenptah about his Libyan war and his Syrian war, and naming Israel.

This tablet is over ten feet high, over five feet wide, and over a foot thick, of one flawless block of very fine-grained granite, or rather syenite. It was first cut by one of the most sumptuous kings of Egypt, Amenhotep III.; brilliantly polished as flat and glassy as a mirror, and engraved with a scene of the

king offering to Amen, the god of Thebes, and an inscription of about three thousand hieroglyphs recording his offerings and glorifying the god. His son Akhenaten, who strove after a higher faith, erased all figures and inscriptions of Amen, and so effaced most of his father's fine carving on this great tablet. This, however, was all re-engraved by Seti I., about fifty years later, as a restoration. Then, some two centuries after it had been erected in the temple of Amenhotep III., Merenptah cast an envious gaze on the splendid stone, and stole it for his own purpose.

Not taking the trouble to rework it, he simply built the face of it into his own wall, and engraved on the comparatively rough back of the block. At the top he figured a scene of the king offering to Amen, and below an inscription very nearly as large as that of Amenhotep III. on the other side. The painting of the sculptured figures still remains as fresh as on the day it was done; for, as the tablet fell face forward when the temple was destroyed, the side belonging to Merenptah lay downward, while that of Amenhotep III. was uppermost. In the ruins, then, amid the fragments of columns and foundations, heaped over with a foot or two of stone chips, this grand block had lain since about the time of the Trojan war. All Greek history, Roman, and mediæval—the prophets, Christianity, and Islâm—have swept along while this was waiting unsuspected, with its story of the wars of Pharaoh of the Hard Heart, and his crushing of Israel.

A Boat Train

An "amphibious boat," now in practical operation in Denmark, would seem to have paved the way for a solution of the problem involved in the operation of boats on the Upper Nile.

The idea of a boat that could be used as a carriage or run on rails over dry land was broached many years ago, but the scheme was looked upon as impracticable.

This latter-day "amphibian" is no longer an experiment. It is a commercial success, and carried during the last summer 20,000 passengers.

This odd-looking craft is used on two large lakes situated twelve miles from Copenhagen. The bodies of water are known as Fure So and Farum So, and are divided by a narrow strip of land 1,100 feet in width.

It is to cross this isthmus that the boat leaves the water and for the time becomes a locomotive. It is practical, although somewhat cumbersome. The inventor is a Swede and the boat was built in Sweden. It is a small passenger steamer, 46 feet in length, drawing from 3 feet to 3 feet 6 inches, according to the load. Her full complement of passengers is seventy. When loaded she weighs about fifteen tons.

Her engines and boiler are of ordinary build, and have a maximum of twenty-seven horsepower. The mechanism which propels the boat when on land is quite simple, but it may be improved upon.

The rails used are of regulation Danish pattern, and the gauge is 4 feet 2 inches.

When nearing the land the boat is guided into a funnel-shaped dock, which gradually tapers down to a width only two inches greater than that of the boat. When the narrowest portion of the dock is reached the boat enters a short parallel dock of the same width, and is allowed to advance slowly until the front wheels touch the rails, which extend below the water level for the purpose. Immediately the wheels are thrown into gear, and the boat begins its ascent. It is assisted by the propeller, which is in play.

In due time the back wheels find their way to the rails, and the boat advances on its upper course at the rate of about 200 feet to the minute.—*London Mail*.

It Induces Sleep

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Dr. S. T. LINEAWEAVER, Lebanon, Pa., says: "It induces a quick sleep, and promotes digestion."

The Business World

The Week On Monday of this week the New York stock market experienced a welcome reaction from the serious depression which lasted throughout the previous week. The decline had been general throughout the list; Burlington fell from 66 to 53; Manhattan from 88 to 78; St. Paul from 69½ to 60½; while even the stocks usually classed as inactive were largely demoralized. Rates for money were high, going up from 6 to 7 per cent. for call loans; collateral was scrutinized more closely than has been the case for many years. The statement of the banks showed a decrease of over six millions in legal tenders and a decrease in deposits of \$7,849,500. General trade continues to be lifeless and dull, and prices remain on a very low level; iron and steel have declined still further, and stock is accumulated. Of the excitement in cotton speculation we speak below. Business failures for the first time in several weeks are less than for the previous week; the number reported by "Bradstreet's" is 269 as against 294 the preceding week, and 197 for the corresponding week a year ago.

Cotton Speculation Continued special reports of damage to cotton crops and of short crops, together with the weekly Government report's statements about cotton drought, caused a serious flurry among dealers last week. Of the transactions at the New York Cotton Exchange on Wednesday the New York "Tribune" said:

Rarely has there been seen such a wild and excited market. Toward the close of the day's trading a veritable bear panic was on, and the scenes on the floor duplicated those witnessed there last October. There was just as big a jump skyward in prices yesterday as there was a grand crash in October last, when quotations went down the hill 30 or 40 points at a leap. Prices here opened yesterday all the way from 23 to 31 points over Tuesday night's close, continued to rise, accompanied by great excitement and tremendous eagerness to cover on the part of the heavy short interest, until October was selling 62 points over last night, and the rest of the list following close after. The day's sales swelled to 400,200 bales. The close was almost at the best prices of the day. August, which closed last night at 7.25, opened at 7.48, sold down to 7.40, soared to 7.79, and closed there; October opened at 7.19, or 23 points up, went to 7.60, and closed at 7.53; January opened at 7.31, or 30 points over last night, sold from 7.21 to 7.62, and closed at 7.55. It was the biggest speculation down-town, and floods of orders to buy for both long and short account came in from Wall Street, New Orleans, and Chicago—an unusual volume that gladdened the hearts of the brokers.

The agitation in the market continued through the week. In the week prices really increased \$5 per bale, but fluctuations and sharp breaks were frequent. On Saturday prices became steadier and averaged very high. August cotton closed at 7.79, after selling between 7.68 and 7.81; October closed at 7.52, after ranging between 7.39 and 7.58; January closed at 7.54, after selling between 7.58 and 7.42. The "Financial Chronicle" states that the world's visible supply of cotton of all kinds decreased 93,000 bales during the week, and is now 1,472,000, or 1,214,000 bales less than last year, 760,000 under the year before, and 60,000 less than three years ago. The visible supply of American lost 92,000 during the week, and is now down to 1,146,000, or 1,225,000 less than last year at this time. The available supply in America is down to 225,000 bales, a loss of 18,000 during the week and 152,000 less than last year.

The Chicago Failure The collapse of the great speculative deal in the Diamond Match and New York Biscuit Companies' stock was not only the most exciting event of the week in Chicago, but had a strong effect on the New York market. The Chicago Stock Exchange suspended business for a few days as the best way of bringing about a reasonable settlement. It must be remembered, however, that the Stock Exchange does a volume of business greatly inferior to the Board of Trade, and does not at all correspond in its scope and character to

the Stock Exchange in New York. The amount involved in the failure of Moore Brothers, who controlled the deal, is said to be between seven and eight million dollars. To state only the basic facts of a complicated matter, it may be said that the cause was an attempt to manipulate and maintain at an absurdly high figure industrial stocks which were intrinsically sound and valuable. A ten per cent. paying stock, which, indeed, has sometimes put its dividends into extensions and improvements, was forced up to 248 (in May), and was selling at about 220 when the crash came. The Moore Brothers undertook the vast strain of upholding the market, and went down under the strain. Reports of future contracts with the French Government and of other great possibilities of future gain were made the basis of a valuation out of all proportion to the actual producing value of the industry. The wave of speculation once started, many professional speculators tried to ride on its crest and to withdraw before it broke. When that time came, the Moore Brothers were ruined. The false values indicated by the prices we have quoted have disappeared, and the stock has come down to a valuation based on facts. One great lesson of this sensational incident, it seems to us, is the injury so often done to productive industry through trusts and similar combinations, by the forcing into the field of stock-gambling industries which should be carried on on a strictly commercial basis. Stock speculators now gamble in Sugar, Oil, Tobacco, and even Matches, quite as freely as in railway stocks. Such gambling is a growth of recent years; it followed and was a natural outcome of the building up of Trusts.

American Manufactures in Germany

Some interesting facts and comments are contained in a recent consular report from Mr. Carpenter, United States Consular Agent in Furth, Bavaria. Mr. Carpenter says that the Germans unquestionably admit the superiority of American manufactures and workmanship, and they pattern after them whenever possible. They have American dentists, stoves made after the American plan which they call American stoves, American fashion-plates in their tailor-shops, and many of the toys are made after American samples. The word "American" attached to anything is intended to convey the idea of superiority, and yet exceedingly few American goods are sold there, simply for the reason that no effective effort is made to introduce them. After speaking of the enormous difference in the price of furniture in the two countries and the worthlessness of German cabinet-making as indicating a splendid and profitable market for American wood-work, he says the Bavarian still reaps his grain with the old-time sickle, uses the heavy, unhandy grubbing-hoe to hill his potatoes, and turns up the soil with an implement so heavy and clumsy that it requires wheels to get it over the ground. Light, well-made, cheap American implements, he thinks, would easily replace these. The German boots and shoes are much inferior to the American, the Consul says, as they lack style and quality, and are higher in price. "The great difficulty with American manufacturers and dealers," the report concludes, "is that they waste their time shouting for a home market, when there is no home market and can never be so long as the supply so greatly exceeds the demand. The markets they want are here and elsewhere in the world, and are not so hard to find if they would only take the time to hunt them up."

Cotton-Mills in the South

The Baltimore "Manufacturers' Record" says: "About two years ago the 'Manufacturers' Record' announced that half a dozen leading New England mill companies would shortly begin an investigation, with a view to building large cotton-mills in the South. This was generally criticised by New England papers, which denied that the mills of that section would build in the South. Since then the Dwight Mill has been built at Gadsden at a cost of \$500,000, the Massachu-

setts Mill at Rome at \$600,000, the Whittier Mill at Atlanta, with 10,000 spindles, with the intention of eventually making 40,000; contracts have been signed for a \$250,000 mill to be located at Anniston, Ala., to be increased in the future to \$500,000, by the American Net and Twine Company of Boston, and to-day we give particulars of the commencement of work on a \$600,000 mill in Alabama, to be built by New England people. Here is an aggregate of about \$2,500,000 capital invested in these mills. Half a dozen or more other companies are now studying the situation, and will build as soon as business resumes its natural conditions. The building of these mills by the oldest and strongest mill companies in New England has had a very marked effect upon New England's sentiment regarding cotton-manufacturing in the South. The start has been made, and prosperous times will see a very rapid movement in that direction."

Canada's Forest Wealth

The forests of Canada, says an exchange devoted to the lumber interest, have supplied, more or less, the wants of Europe for centuries. From the earliest days of its occupation by the French, the forest wealth of the country washed by the St. Lawrence engaged the attention of the Government of France, who saw therein vast resources available for their naval yards. They drew from these forests large numbers of masts and spars, and issued stringent regulations for the preservation of the standing oak. When the country was first ceded to Great Britain, but little attention was paid at first to its vast timber supply, owing to the fact that almost the whole of the Baltic trade was carried on in British bottoms, and that the timber of northern Europe provided an unfailing and convenient return freight for the shipping thus engaged. When, however, the troubles of the Napoleonic era commenced, and especially when the Continental blockade was enforced, the timber supplies of the Baltic becoming uncertain and insufficient, attention was directed to the North American colonies, with the result of increasing the quantity of timber, which reached Great Britain from 2,600 tons in the year 1800 to 125,300 tons in 1810, and to 308,000 tons in 1820. In 1895 the amount exported to the United Kingdom showed a total of 1,310,685 tons.

The Japanese in Formosa

Mr. Hurst, the British consul at Tainan, in southern Formosa, concludes his latest trade report by saying that the Japanese "are showing great energy in the development of the internal communications of the island, and during the five months that had passed at the date of the report in March since they landed, left more marks of their presence on the face of the country than their predecessors effected in as many decades. One of their first undertakings was the construction of a Décauville tramway of 20-inch gauge; they were prompted to make it, doubtless, by military considerations, and it has proved very useful for the purpose of forwarding supplies and war material from the ports to the inland districts. One line of this miniature railway runs from Auping southward via Tinan-fu to Takau, a distance of 35 miles; another runs from Tinan-fu north to Kagee, 50 miles distant, while a branch line connects Takau with the prefectural city of Hosan (Pithan), five miles distant. Surveys have been made for a line of rail between Takau and Auping. Scores of miles of good road have been constructed, so that the discomforts of traveling in Formosa bid fair soon to be things of the past."

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University Hoods

With so many colors and shades of color to choose from, one would imagine it to be quite within the bounds of practicability for the authorities of the various universities to select hues for academical hoods that would at least be distinguishable from one another. Such, however, is not always the case, and it becomes no easy matter to tell the man's university and degree by the hood he wears.

Take, for instance, the B.A. hood of Oxford—black stuff, trimmed with white fur. This is anything but distinctive, for not only Cambridge, Durham, and Trinity College, Dublin, adopt the same color and material, but several colonial universities as well. The University of London, however, effects a variation in this hood by making it of black silk or stuff, with an edging on the inside of russet brown, while Victoria University, Manchester, gives it a lining of pale blue.

The M.A. hood is a little more specialized. At Oxford it is made of black silk, lined with crimson, while the Cambridge material is black silk relieved with white; Durham lining the black silk with palatine purple, London with russet brown, and St. Andrews and Glasgow with red. Aberdeen and Edinburgh, however, are each content to adopt the colors of the Cambridge hood.

The D.D. hood of Oxford is of scarlet cloth lined with black silk, Cambridge also using scarlet, but trimming it with pink. Durham chooses a scarlet cassimere with palatine purple lining, Dublin imitating exactly the Oxford colors. St. Andrews essays a violet silk, lined with white satin; Glasgow, a black velvet touched up with black or purple silk, lined with white silk; while Edinburgh selects a black cloth and trims it with silk of a purple hue.

The D.C.L. hood of Oxford is made of scarlet cloth lined with crimson silk, that of Durham being scarlet cassimere with white silk edging. The corresponding degree of LL.D. is represented at Cambridge by a hood of scarlet cloth lined with pink silk, and at London by a cloth of the same color having a blue lining. The Dublin colors are the same as Cambridge, those at St. Andrews being scarlet silk or cloth held up with white satin. For the same degree Glasgow uses black velvet with Venetian red silk lining. Aberdeen chooses purple cloth edged with pale blue silk, and Edinburgh goes in for black cloth with a blue silk trimming.—*Woman.*

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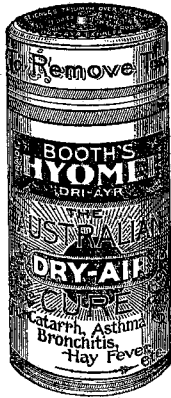
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A New Holmes Letter

The following letter, highly characteristic of the Autocrat, was received, in 1864, with a copy of a short poem, in the handwriting of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and signed by him, to be sold at a great sanitary fair which was then in operation. The letter, which is printed now for the first time, was discovered too late to be included in the "Life and Letters," a fact which Mr. Morse keenly regretted:

My Dear Sir: The mere mechanical labor imposed in answering the numerous applications from various parts of the country takes up so much of my time that I think I do pretty well if I get off my batch of autographs, and answer my indefatigable and interminable female correspondents, so as to be clear of dead and unburied letters at the week's end. I have been slightly prostrated with a mild autographic fever for some weeks. Within a few days it has put on a malignant aspect. It was only a slight efflorescent affair which played about the surface at first, but now it is striking in and aims at the vitals. In short, I am now besieged for original communications, from different quarters, all at once, remorselessly, and if I do not yield at once, persistently, I should be false to my country, and to my duty if I killed the goose that is laying golden eggs for the good cause every day. If I should attempt to answer these requests for original communications, it would be the death of me, I am sure. Now I am writing autographs for my country at such a rate that I am quite satisfied the income from this source alone (that is, their sale at innumerable fairs) must be an important item in the resources of the Sanitary Association.

I have several other reasons why I feel that I ought not to be urged on this point, which I will briefly classify under their several heads. First,—

Excuse me, my dear sir, but a sudden demand upon me for a gross and a half of autographs "with sentiments," by return mail, compels me to relinquish my enumeration of the reasons, which, I am sure, you would have found convincing.

I will, however, promise that as soon as my new autographic, automatic arrangement is completed, by which the enormous labor of the manual fabrication of signatures can be transferred to machinery, I will send you the first installment of a story to be called, "St. Sebastian in the 19th Century; or, The Sufferings of a Living Target."

Yours respectfully,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Boston, January 28, 1864.

—From "Chronicle and Comment," in *The Bookman*.

Workingmen's Home and Medical Mission

Among the many philanthropic agencies at work in the land to alleviate human ills none promises better than the Workingmen's Home and Medical Mission System of Missionary Work recently started in Chicago, by Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, Michigan. This Home and Medical Mission is situated at 42 Custom House Place, and is in the very heart of the so-called levee district. It is the outgrowth of the Free Dispensary and Free Baths that Dr. Kellogg and a few of his friends have maintained in Chicago for three years, at a cost of over \$1,000 per month. It is proposed to establish similar missions in all large cities.

The purposes of this Home and Mission Work are:

1. To furnish a clean, comfortable, and cheery home to a large class of poor laboring men in large cities who have no home or social advantages.

2. To aid the homeless, friendless, discouraged, and heart sick unemployed in the hour of their sorest need, and endeavor to place them once more in self-supporting employment.

3. To aid the sick poor with free medical attendance and treatment as needed both at the Mission and through visiting nurses who go as angels of mercy and help to the cellar

and garret homes of the sick poor to bathe and dress the sick mother or baby, and render all the loving services that the necessities of each case require.

4. To furnish to laboring men a clean, comfortable bed, in a well-ventilated room in summer, heated in winter, at ten cents per night; also free baths, free laundry, free reading-room, daily Gospel meetings, with lectures on health and hygiene.

5. To furnish a wholesome and well-cooked lunch of soups, grain-foods, and bread and coffee at one cent per dish.

6. To furnish work and training in school and workshop on the Mission farm for the unemployed, many of whom are unable to get work in the cities and who need building up physically before they can be helped morally.

Dr. Kellogg has no solicitors at work for money, nor does he himself solicit, but receives and devotes to good purposes all a kind Providence prompts generous friends to contribute.

Francis H. and Henry Wessels, two brothers of Cape Town, South Africa, gave Dr. Kellogg \$40,000 to be invested, and the income to be always used for this Mission. The late Mr. Edward S. Peddicord, of Marseilles, Illinois, gave Dr. Kellogg a \$16,000 farm, to be always used as a Mission farm for this home. The farm is to be turned into a garden, and will give work to four hundred men at one time. Dr. Kellogg also maintains a "Social Settlement" at 4744 Forty-seventh Street, Chicago, where there are free kindergartens, kitchen-gardens, mothers' meetings, with lectures on health and cleanliness and religion. Hundreds of mothers and children avail themselves of these privileges.

Dr. Kellogg has for years maintained the Orphanage known as Haskel Home at Battle Creek, Mich. There is an elegant building on a farm of over one hundred acres, and in it one hundred and four orphans, all of whom are receiving the most systematic training, physically, intellectually, and morally. The children are divided into families of ten, and each family put in charge of a mother who is with them constantly. Dr. Kellogg and his estimable wife have no children of their own, but they have adopted fourteen, and a more cheerful and happy appearing family is hard to find.

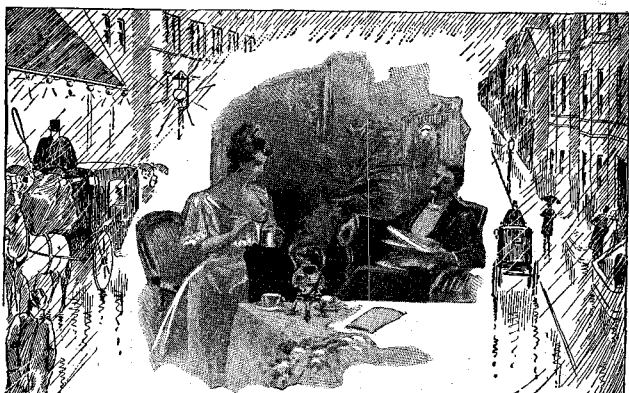
The great Sanitarium of which he is head devotes all its profits to philanthropic work. It has in training five hundred students for medical missionaries. Dr. Kellogg is forty-four years old, and has been Superintendent of the Sanitarium for twenty years.

In a Watch Factory

"A watch factory is a wonderfully interesting place to visit," says the dealer in timepieces to a New York "Times" reporter. "Many of the machines seem almost human. They turn out the most delicate work, and yet they can be managed by a girl of 14. You could almost say that you put in the raw material at one end and the finished watch came out at the other—that is, the works."

"A watch-case and the movements are two different things. A wholesale dealer never keeps them together. The cases are in one set of compartments, the works in another. The retail dealer buys a lot of each and combines them to suit himself or his customers. The manufacturer of the works send blocks, or actually a set of works, minus wheels, to the case manufacturers, and they make their cases to fit. That was the reason the Swiss watches went out of the market. They were not made in regular sizes—each case had to be made to fit an individual set of works, and it was too expensive. It is not always easy to fit a watch several years old with new works, for the standards change every few years. Since I have been down town—16 years—there has been a great change in the size of watches. They have been gradually growing smaller. Why, at one time we put six ounces of silver into a man's watch."

"But you can't expect the very small watches to keep such good time. A woman's watch pinned to her dress will never keep good time, anyway. It swings around too much. A watch should be wound regularly, and always left hanging when not worn."



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